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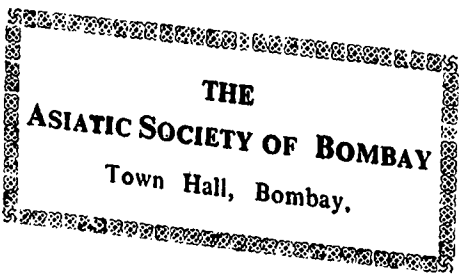

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PREFATORY MEMOIR.

The writer of the following Notes of his visit to the Continent in 1773, Admiral Sir George Collier, was born in London in 1738. He entered the Royal Navy as a Midshipman in 1751, at the age of thirteen. The vessel in which he made his first voyage was unfortunately wrecked in Quiberon Bay. On the 6th of August, 1761, he was made Commander, and was further promoted to the rank of Post-Captain on the 12th of July, 1762, and appointed to the *Boulogne* frigate, of 32 guns. In this ship he continued till after the peace was concluded.

About the close of 1763 he was appointed to the *Edgar*, of 60 guns, one of the guard-ships stationed at Plymouth. This command he held during the three years usually allotted to that service. In 1770 he was commissioned to the *Tweed* frigate, of 34 guns. In a short

time afterwards he was appointed to the *Levant*, of 28 guns, and thence removed at the close of 1771 to the *Flora*, of 32 guns. In this ship he continued till 1773.

It does not appear that he held any subsequent command until he was appointed to the *Rainbow*, destined for service in America, to act against the revolted Colonies. Accordingly, thither he proceeded in 1776, and remained till 1779. It was during the interval from active service, before this appointment, that Sir George wrote the following pages.

The expedition to America consisted of 7,800 Hessians, and was commanded by Lieutenant-General de Heister, with some other general officers under him; together with a numerous and well-appointed train of artillery, waggons, field-equipage, and every other necessary preparation for taking the field. To these were added 1,000 of the English guards, under Colonel Matthew, who, on the arrival of the Hessian troops at Spithead, immediately embarked in transports prepared for them.

Sir George Collier, in the *Rainbow*, of 44 guns, Commodore Hotham, in the *Preston*, of

50 guns, and four men-of-war, were appointed to escort this formidable force to America. The fleet having completed their water and provisions, and the wind admitting of their sailing, they left Spithead about the 20th May, amounting to 92 sail,—86 of which were transports, and the rest men-of-war.

During the four years from 1776-1779 inclusive, the skill, enterprise, and gallantry of Sir George Collier were manifested on many important occasions, and he succeeded in capturing many of the American ships of war, thus efficiently seconding the operations of the Army.

It is unnecessary here to enter into details relative to the American War: they will be found in the history of the Empire. Suffice it to say, that Sir George Collier, by his ability and valour, upheld the fame of the British Navy across the Atlantic. In February 1779, he was appointed Commodore and Commander-in-chief of all His Majesty's ships and vessels in America, in recompense for his important services.

Yet, after all his brilliant achievements, uni-

versally acknowledged, he was superseded, and his valuable services lost to the country. Vice-Admiral Arbuthnot was sent from England to take from him the command of the King's fleet, which he had with so much ability commanded, and with such brilliant success. This was one of the most improper ministerial appointments of that period.

Thereupon Sir George returned home in the *Daphne*, on the 30th October, leaving New York with the most honourable testimonials of high satisfaction with his conduct from the Commander-in-chief of the Army, and all the Generals, the Governor, the Council, the body of merchants, and the inhabitants of New York, who all publicly expressed their concern at his departure, and their wishes for his safe voyage and favourable reception from his royal master. His passage did not exceed a month. Arriving at Plymouth on the 27th November, 1779, he immediately set out for London, to pay his duty to the King, and to give the Ministers an account of the situation in which he had left affairs in America.

Soon after his arrival, he had the honour

of an audience of his Sovereign, to whose ear he conveyed the unwelcome truth, that nothing but ruin and defeat were to be hoped for from continuing the war against his American provinces. He communicated the same truths to Ministers, mingled perhaps with censure on the wretched manner in which the war had been carried on, and the total want of humanity and consistency in their mode of warfare. Sir George was too frank and upright to suppress his convictions on this very important subject. The truths he conveyed to the Ministry were most unpalatable to them and to the well-known strong feelings of His Majesty. But Sir George Collier was, notwithstanding the frank avowal of his opinions, not entirely laid upon the shelf (for the nation rang with plaudits of his exploits): he was appointed in the spring of 1780 to the *Canada*, 74 guns, forming part of the Channel Fleet. Early in the following year, 1781, he accompanied Vice-Admiral Denby to Gibraltar. On his return with this fleet, which threw a considerable quantity of stores and provisions into Gibraltar, the *Canada* being ordered to look

out ahead, saw and gave chase to a large ship, which, after a pursuit of 70 leagues, and a battle, he captured. After his arrival in England, he quitted the command of the *Canada*.

Sir George Collier married his second wife about this period; she was the daughter of William Fryer, Esq., of Exeter. In 1784, he was elected to serve in Parliament for the borough of Honiton. His parliamentary conduct was marked by the same open and ingenuous spirit that distinguished him in his professional career.

When the mental disorder which afterwards so heavily afflicted George III. became so manifest as to render necessary the appointment of a Regency, Sir George Collier gave his support to Mr. Fox, and those who were for conferring the powers of the Crown on him who was to execute its functions; but the recovery of the King averted the necessity of the proposed measure of a Regency. Sir George's conduct on this important question gave the finishing blow to his professional prospects, and his great talents were thenceforward lost to his country. Under a different Administration they would

probably have paved the way to the most important command and highest honours. From that time Sir George was enrolled by the sycophants of the Minister as one of *the Prince's friends;* the meaning of which appellation was, that he was less a friend to his Sovereign than those who had voted with Mr. Pitt. From this cause, joined to his opinions relative to the origin and conduct of the American War, must be imputed those mortifications and neglects he was doomed to suffer, which, preying on a sensitive nature, undermined his health and hurried him to a premature grave.

During the whole period of peace, Sir George Collier remained unemployed, excepting his appointment, in 1790, to the *St. George*, of 98 guns, in anticipation of a war with Spain. She was one of the ships ordered to be prepared for the home service at Portsmouth. Notwithstanding Sir George's services, and his having so honourably and effectually served as Commander-in-chief on the American station, he was ordered to prepare the *St. George* to receive a flag. Inured as he had been to ministerial frowns, this pointed mark of disrespect

hurt and amazed him. Although remarkably mild, he was too proud to succumb under this official insult. Amongst the naval officers of rank who were then at Portsmouth, were several of his old and intimate friends ; amongst whom were Admiral Goodall, Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart., Sir Peter Parker, and also Admiral Roddam, who at that time was port-admiral at Portsmouth. All these, and other distinguished officers, concurred in opinion that it was a professional indignity, to which, from every motive, public and private, Sir George ought not to stoop. He therefore wrote a firm but respectful letter to the Board of Admiralty, wherein he feelingly lamented this mark of inattention or displeasure, and tendered his resignation. This letter was approved by all his friends, and was transmitted to the Admiralty. His resignation, however, was not accepted, and the obnoxious order was recalled. Sir George Collier retained his ship till the disputes with Spain and Russia were adjusted, when he paid her off.

On the 1st of February, 1793, Sir George Collier was admitted a Rear-Admiral of the

White; on the 12th of April, 1794, he was advanced to the Red Squadron; and on the 12th of July following, he was appointed Vice-Admiral of the Blue: this was the last professional step he lived to attain. But these honours were a poor indemnity to Sir George for the retirement to which he was doomed when the war commenced with France in 1793.

When Lord Spencer was at the head of the Admiralty in January 1795, Sir George was indeed called forth from the retirement to which he had been consigned to the "command at the Nore!"—a situation proper enough for a wornout veteran, whose life had been passed in severe and active service; but a place of punishment to an ardent and ambitious mind, ready for active service, and worthy of the post of honour in the hour of national danger!

However good might have been the motives of those who conferred this post on Sir George, it seems to have been the single hair that broke the camel's back. His health, already sapped by a nervous disease, occasioned by his want of employment when so glorious a harvest of laurels was to be reaped, now became worse.

He was soon forced to quit the Nore, and breathed his last sigh in the bosom of his family, at his house in Manchester Square, on the 4th of April, 1795.

Thus untimely perished one of the bravest officers who have upheld the renown of England's Navy, one of the most benevolent of men, and most honest and disinterested of patriots, whose bravery, activity, and perseverance in the performance of his duty as a naval officer, and whose mild and gentlemanly deportment, rendered him one of the purest characters ever reared in the British Navy. To quote his own eloquent expression relative to one of his seamen, it may fairly be asserted he fell "*the victim of sensibility,*" and died of a broken heart!

He was a steady and vigilant officer, who maintained a full degree of discipline, with the least possible coercion. Small offences he overlooked, or gently reprimanded; and of more serious offences, few or none occurred on board his ship. In his private journal he praises the excellent character of his officers, and the duty of his ship seems to have been carried on with

the utmost alacrity and cheerfulness. He was slow to punish, and, by a happy art, he gained the love of his people, without in the least degree relaxing from the dignity belonging to his rank. In all cases of peril he was sure to take his full share; and so perfect was his practical knowledge of a seaman's duty, that there was nothing he had to command but he was able to execute.

He was an enemy to the mode of manning the Navy by impressment. He conceived it perfectly practicable to attract all the youthful mariners on our coasts, by a wise and liberal system of reward and promotion; in which case he thought the use of the lash might be safely abolished.

Sir George Collier was twice married. His first wife, to whom he was united in 1773, was Miss Christina Gwyn, daughter of — Gwyn, Esq., by whom he had one son, named William. His second marriage, to Miss Elizabeth Fryer, took place in 1781, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. His eldest son, George, attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, and was killed in the

thirty-first year of his age, in the fatal sortie from Bayonne. The second son, Francis Augustus, was bred to the naval profession, and received the first rudiments of the service under Captain Schomberg, of the *Magnanime*, of 44 guns, who sailed as First-Lieutenant of the *Canada* with Sir George Collier. In January 1798, as Nelson was walking at Bath, he saw a young mid., dressed in naval uniform, whose air and appearance pleased him. He entered into conversation with him, and finding he was the son of Sir George Collier, he called upon Lady Collier, and was very urgent to have him *under his wing*; and in March following, Mr. Francis Collier was received as midshipman, on board the *Vanguard*, at the Nile, where he gained the patronage and confidence of Lord Nelson, who wrote many flattering letters to Lady Collier, expressive of his approbation of the conduct and future promise of her son. The third and only surviving son, Henry Theodosius Browne Collier was also bred to the Navy. He commanded the *Hesper* S.W., on the Madras station. He was appointed to various other commands, and is now

an Admiral. The fourth son was named Charles Collier, and served in the cavalry in Bengal, where he died. The daughters were Louisa, who died unmarried, and Georgina, now Mrs. Aïdé.

Sir George Collier was fond of literature, possessed a true taste, and his pursuits were those of the gentleman and scholar. He translated the dramatic romance called *Selima and Azor*, which was brought out and played with success at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1776.*

* Derived principally from the *Naval Chronicle*.

FRANCE, HOLLAND,

AND

THE NETHERLANDS,

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

I SET out from London for the Continent the beginning of April, 1773, at six in the morning, taking the route to Dover, which I reached by the evening.

There is a disease I do not remember any of our physical writers have touched upon, but it is a malady certainly very infectious; and this is, a rage for going abroad without the least occasion or pretence but dissipation. A course of confinement in a room with only a skylight, with plain food sparingly given, would probably in time bring the patient to find sufficient beauty in the tour of his own country, and restore him to his health and reason without the help of foreign air. If an hospital at Dover were to be erected for this disorder, even twice

as large as the Hôtel Dieu at Paris, I am of opinion it would be no long time in filling—my companion, Sir J. Chetwode,* and myself, would have had undoubted pretensions to two rooms in it.

Our chaise being taken to pieces and put on board the vessel, (for which we paid seven shillings and sixpence, besides a guinea for carrying it,) we embarked at six in the morning, having in our view astern those celebrated high cliffs which Shakespear has rendered immortal by his description. A fine breeze at north-west soon carried us across this strait; but, being low water when we got to Calais, the vessel could not go into the harbour for three hours, so we accepted the offer of a French boat, which landed us at the pier head, after which we had full half-a-mile to the auberge of Mons. Dessein, where we put up.

The auberge of Mons. Dessein is well known to most of the English who travel this road; but we found the accommodations not answer our expectations by any means, our dinner

* Of Oakeley, Staffordshire.—Ed.

being indifferently dressed and served in a bed chamber; such being the elegant custom in most of the inns in the polite kingdom of France.

We would fain have set out that night; but, though it was only two o'clock when we landed, yet from the vessel not getting in with our baggage till five o'clock, and having our chaise to get ashore and put together, it took up so much time as to make it too late to set out that night; so, to the no great dissatisfaction of Mons. Dessein, we ordered supper, and determined to sleep under his roof.

If you come without a chaise and hire one of Dessein, his usual price is three guineas to Paris. You have no alternative, for there are no carriages to be hired on the road, the post horses being furnished by Government, and from one house only in each town.

Calais is so well known, and has been so often described, that little needs be said upon it. It is a place of no trade, and would probably never have been a town had it not been for its vicinity to England.

I found nothing curious in the place. It had a large square in the centre, where the different streets terminate. A particular quarter is assigned for the fishermen, called Le Gourgain, where they live together in small brick houses, and this by order of either the governor or the King. Such a mandate as this would not be so fully complied with on the opposite side of the water; though I recollect to have read in Maitland's History of London, that the Star Chamber, in Charles the First's reign, ordered all tradesmen whatever to remove from living in the street the goldsmiths did; and, upon its not being immediately complied with, threatened to imprison the alderman of the ward and his deputy for suffering it; and carried the point of ejecting them. When one reads some of the Star Chamber mandates, one considers the Civil War which followed as a natural event in a country where liberty was held in estimation.

It is said, that from first to last, more than a hundred millions of livres have been expended upon the fortifications of this insignificant town. I saw but little of them, yet enough to convince me, that it is not in a condition to hold out such

a siege as when our Edward III. took it, and when the gallant Eustace de St. Pierre offered himself a victim to appease the king's anger, and save his fellow-citizens.

To look at Calais at present one can hardly believe it could have been of such consequence formerly, as by its loss to have broken the heart of Queen Mary, did not history assure us of it. At present we esteem the loss of all our possessions in France as one of the most fortunate events that could have happened, for reasons too obvious to need expressing.

We were just drinking our coffee after dinner, when the door opened, and in entered, *sans cérémonie*, an impudent mendicant friar. It was not the venerable and modest *religieux* whom Sterne so strikingly describes: it was the figure of a glutton, making his demands upon our purses with the same sort of civility as a highwayman when he stops you upon the road; only, instead of a pistol, he flourished an empty bag, into which he seemed to command us to put something, for "the honour of the blessed Virgin." As I thought the Virgin could hardly commit her honour to the charge of such a

guardian, I gave him nothing; but my worthy companion having more charity, or at least more compliance, dropped a livre into the Virgin's bag, with which the mendicant departed, without either thanks or ceremony.

Mons. Dessein having levied his tax upon us with as much rapacity as if he had been a farmer-general, we had nothing more to do than order our trunks to be fastened on the chaise, and to pay for the horses to the next stage, which, as we chose to travel a different route towards Paris than that usually taken by Englishmen, he informed us was to Ardres, the distance to which he said was twelve miles.

Our postilion was a curiosity, and it was impossible to look upon him without laughing. He seemed to be six feet high, but so thin it was wonderful how he supported himself upright, especially under the weight of an enormous hat, nearly of the magnitude and cock of ancient Pistol's; from his head descended behind a cue of prodigious length and thickness, the superfluity of which, if he had lost his whip, might have stood him in good stead. His constitution was probably a warm

one, from the number of air-holes in his jacket. His legs were better armed than my Lord Mayor of London's champion, being enclosed in boots made, I believe, of bull's hide, and secured by many ponderous iron hoops.

We mounted our vehicle amidst the ejaculations of Mons. and Mdme. Dessein *pour un bon voyage*, and attended by the cook and the under-cook, the scullion, boot-cleaner, and the whole tribe of stable-boys, waiters, and postilions. We forgot, however, like Quin, when he left the inn at Plymouth, to ask our host for the watch-word, in case we should meet any more *voleurs*. Six-foot began cracking his whip, in which he seemed to excel; the bidet tried to prance, but had like to have fallen in the attempt; the two cart mares pricked up their ears, and we left the auberge of Mons. Dessein with (literally) no little *éclat*, taking the road towards St. Omer.

We had hardly entered the gates of the town, when Six-foot set up such a noise with cracking his whip, that a blind man must have supposed a troop of carters were passing. He continued this agreeable noise for some time. By-the-by, I believe the French admire cracks

of this sort, from the incessant repetition of it in the streets, particularly in Paris.

We were just two hours in coming from Calais; and, if the roads are good, as this was, their rate of travelling is about that pace, *i.e.*, a post, or six miles an hour; the price is settled by Government. To the village of Recousse is one post, and from thence to St. Omer two more.

The road to St. Omer is pretty good. There are several crosses set up in the way for travellers to pay their devotions at. The image of the Virgin appears in many a niche, adorned with flowers, and sometimes shut up in little latticed boxes, with a lamp, now and then, burning before her. Our postilion bowed to her with the greatest *politesse* whenever he passed her; but we, however it happened, unluckily omitted this piece of civility: and whether the Virgin was really offended at us for not taking proper notice of her in her little sentry boxes, or whether Frère Gourman (the begging friar at Calais) had impressed her against us, certain it is that she, or the demon

of accident—if there is such a demon, unscrewed the nut that held one of the fore wheels on, which was lost, and the wheel within an ace of coming off, and popping us against the front glass.

Our postilion, a little smart fellow, began to utter ejaculations; he *diable*'d in a most articulate voice, as soon as he perceived the accident. The town of St Omer had just risen to view at a little mile's distance, and we flattered ourselves with getting another screw nut made there; but the postilion gave us no hopes it could be done, as he frankly confessed that he had never seen wheels fastened on any other way than by lynch-pins, and he was sure no smith at St. Omer could make the screw. What was to be done? We dismounted, and began searching in the tract we had come, but to little purpose, for the rain which had fallen the night before had made the road a mere quagmire. My companion, however, persevered in his search, attended by the driver and my English servant, John Trot, leaving me in charge of the baggage and the horses, who

stood quite as quiet as the mules of the abbess of Andouillet.

Curiosity is of no country—it is of all: here it took the form of half-a-dozen French peasants, and made us a visit. An English chaise, I suppose, was a novelty—the proper food of curiosity, and they seemed to confess it was so, by their half-opened mouths and fixed eyes. I showed them a French crown piece, promising that as the reward of the finder of our screw-nut, if they would search for it. Stupider than Iphigenia's Cymon, they "would not seek for it, because they did not know what it was," though I showed them the other.

Our travellers had gone back *sur ses pas* near a quarter-of-a-mile, and were in despair leaving off their search, when Sir John fortunately found the object of their trouble lying half covered with thin mud. We speedily fastened on the wheel and rattled along the pavé of St. Omer till we stopped at a well-looking auberge called "l'Hôtel de Ville."

The town of St. Omer is fortified, and seem-

* See *Tristram Shandy.*

ingly pretty strong, but I did not examine it. St. Bertin's church is a handsome edifice, and has the saint's history carved in marble at the entry into the choir. There are pictures of landscapes in the church, which I think would appear better in a drawing-room. The cathedral has nothing extraordinary but a handsome altar of silver. This place used formerly to be famous for its seminaries for educating youth; but it has lost much of its merit in that respect since the Jesuits were expelled. Whatever it might once have been, at present it appears to be one of the most melancholy places in the world; the grass growing in the streets, and scarcely an inhabitant seen walking about.

Our original intention was to have gone to Lisle, and thence there is a large and much frequented road to Paris; but my companion being informed there was another road to the capital about thirty miles nearer, proposed going that route, which I readily consented to, though I afterwards, from the extreme badness of it, most heartily repented of my complaisance.

The auberge we put up at in St. Omer was

an incomparable good one; the very best, I think, that I have found out of England. The wine was particularly excellent, and I fortunately directed half-a-dozen of the burgundy to be put into our chaise, with some eatables, which precaution we found afterwards was extremely necessary.

Our first stage was to the fortified town of Aire (two posts), where we were stopped at the gates to inquire our names and quality, and to inspect our baggage; the latter, however, there was no occasion to do, as we had taken the very necessary step at Calais to have our trunks plombed by the officers of customs at that place when they were examined.

This method saves travellers a vast deal of trouble and expense. At whatever place your baggage is first searched, they affix (at the custom-house) a small cord round the package, whose ends are secured between two pieces of thin stamped lead, which prevents its being opened without its being discovered; and this is called plombing. On entering every fortified town, you are stopped by an officer of the cus-

toms, who, if your baggage is plombed, only examines the lead; otherwise you are obliged to have all your luggage unpacked, to your great loss of time and of money in fees.

It was dark when we entered the town of St. Pol. Finding, on inquiry, that the roads were still worse on the other side the town than what we had already experienced, I inquired of the postilion if we could have tolerable accommodations in St. Pol? "O oui," dit-il, "superbe, magnifique;" and it was at the post-house; so we desired him to carry us to the post-house directly.

Our English ideas had made us affix other expectations, from what our driver assured us of, than were verified. After waiting five minutes at the door without anybody appearing, an old woman,

"Whose garments spoke variety of wretchedness,"

appeared with a miserable little candle in her shrivelled hands. We had just passed the threshold of the sybil, when an unlucky puff of wind extinguished the taper, and we remained in utter darkness.

When the old tottering beldam had returned with the re-illumined taper, she conducted us through several rooms to a cold bleak one at the other end of the house, which had a bed in it, but no fire, nor any other covering on the floor than what nature had placed there. We inquired if we could have lodgings that night and anything for supper; to both which she answered in the affirmative, pointing to the bed, and assuring us it was *superbe*. Cold and disgusted as we were we could not help laughing aloud at the thought of a *superbe* bed in a miserable room, without even the usual flooring of tiles. We told the old dame that we must have another bed, which she could not comprehend the occasion for, as there were "but two" of us. It was in vain, however, to enforce our request.

And now the faggots being lighted, blazed cheerfully in the chimney. We had our table-cloth spread; but the old woman's promises of a good supper ended in nothing but what she called *soupe au lait*, but which we call milk porridge; and her wine thick as a puddle, and almost as sour as vinegar. We brought redress

of this misfortune, however, with us in the chaise, and our table was presently covered with a fine cold roast pullet, an excellent hare pasty, and a delicious bottle of burgundy, in which we remembered "our friends on t'other side the water." We chatted till near midnight before either of us thought of sleep; when, finding my companion still persist in not going to bed, I threw myself upon it and enjoyed a sound repose till break of day, when my wakeful friend announced to me his opinion that it was "time to set out on our journey." We got a hasty breakfast of *café au lait*, and then bid adieu to our old sybil, her "superb" bed, and "magnifique" accommodations.

The road was not only excessively bad, but even dangerous in some places;—we were near six hours going nine miles, which made us repent heartily of not going through Lisle; but our concern was of the latest, for we were advanced too far to go back. We changed horses at Dourland, a fortified town, and were stopped as usual at the gates to inquire our names, and to look at the plombing of our baggage. One caution all travellers should attend

to, whose route may lie through fortified places, —to take care to arrive there before sunset, or they may be obliged to pass the night in their carriage; as many of them close their gates at that time, especially frontier towns, nor will they open them till next morning on any account.

Amiens is a very large old city, distant from St. Omer thirteen posts; it is fortified, but of no great strength. There is a woollen manufacture carried on here.

The cathedral is a very fine Gothic structure, built in the time when our Henry V. possessed this part of France. In it are some monuments of English nobility and gentlemen, who were buried here in that and the succeeding reign.

We joined the high road at this place; for the route between Calais and Paris is through Amiens. The postilions drove very well, but the road shook us a good deal, it being paved (above sixteen feet of it) in the middle, and upon that they generally drive. We reached a small town, called St. Just, soon after dark,

where we took up our abode for the night; and though we had been assured we should be superbly accommodated at an auberge in this town, we found that we could procure not even a tolerable supper. We therefore ordered the remains of our hare pâté to be produced, and our poulet, which as yet wanted only a leg and wing.

The sun and we began our journey together; so that we got to Chantilly time enough to breakfast, after which we went to see the fine château belonging to the Prince of Condé, which stands at one end of the village. This castle, or rather, palace, is finely situated and magnificently furnished; but all the windows are much too small, which throws a gloom over the apartments. With this exception, the building is very noble, and has many fine pictures by the most capital masters.

An equestrian statue of the great Prince of Condé, with his baton in his hand, stands at the principal entrance, and near it some of the brass cannon which that prince took from the Spaniards.

The castle is surrounded by a deep ditch of clear water, in which are very large carp, and a number of swans. The gardens are laid out in the taste of the age they were made in,* and consequently cannot cause any great admiration in Englishmen who have seen the more natural and elegant gardens of their own country. Yet there are many things here that please: a large and fine orangery and greenhouse, and a little island shut out from observation by high green lattices, against which flowering shrubs are planted. It is called l'Ile d'Amour, and has a pavilion in it sacred to Venus, in which the present prince, as well as others of her votaries, it is said, have often sacrificed. There are paintings of her in this temple, and the whole spot is a second Cytherea, and calculated for pleasure and delight. The only entrance is by a drawbridge on the side of the island.

Near the orangery is a small neat theatre, in which plays are sometimes acted for the entertainment of the Prince of Condé and

* They were laid out by Le Notre, in the reign of Louis XIV., the same architect, as I recollect, who laid out the English gardens at Hampton Court.

his guests. His highness has likewise a very good tennis-court, and a menagerie for exotic birds and beasts.

There is nothing, however, at Chantilly so well worth admiration as the magnificent stables, which will hold two hundred and eighty horses. They are, I believe, the finest in Europe; as lofty as a church, and terminate above in a large and well-proportioned dome, which is seen at a great distance, and is over the centre of a long gallery. There is plenty of fine water for the horses, and a very large lawn adjoining to exercise them in. The Prince, when I was at Chantilly, had near two hundred fine English horses which are in very high estimation all over the kingdom of France. Close to the stables is a large convenient kennel for dogs, in which there are numbers of every useful sort.

The Prince of Condé was absent when we were at Chantilly; but he is said to be an accomplished and polite man, and particularly civil to the English, whom he will mount on excellent horses, if they are presented to him and choose to hunt; or gives them permission

to shoot, if they are desirous of that diversion, in his domain, which is amazingly extensive.

The country round this palace is extremely beautiful, from the inequality of the ground and the fine woods with which it is surrounded, and which afford shelter to such quantities of game as astonishes those who are not used to France. I saw partridges and pheasants, within a few miles of Chantilly, feeding in the fields close to the road side (for they have no hedges), so tame, and so little scared with the noise of our carriage, that I took them at first for chickens: hares are likewise in as great plenty, the consequence of killing them without leave being so heavy a penalty as to be sent to the galleys.

We continued our journey through Luzarche and Ecouen to St. Denis, the burial-place of the kings of France and the royal family. It was in 1773 when I was there, and Louis XIV. was then unburied, it being the custom not to inter one king till his successor dies. The reason of this I never could learn.

From hence to Paris is scarcely six miles, yet they make you pay for a poste royal (which is

double), because Paris is the residence of the King. The same thing is done if you want to go to Versailles, Choisy, St. Germains, or wherever there is a royal palace. The road is beautiful, being forty or fifty feet wide, with a row of trees on each side, and no hedges to intercept the view of the circumjacent country. The pavé in the middle still continued, and our postilion rattled along, shaking us almost to a jelly, till about five in the afternoon, when we entered the capital of the powerful kingdom of France.

"

There is no criterion so fit to judge of the populousness of a country, as its state of agriculture and cultivation. I remarked that all the way from St. Omer to Paris, the fields were well ploughed, and very neatly laid out. I made the same observation afterwards, when I went from Paris to the Low Countries. It was matter of surprise to me to see the amazing tract of land sown with corn; it was on both sides the road, as far as I could see—how much further I know not—for one hundred and sixty miles together, and looked, except

when towns intervened, like one vast cornfield. Hence I infer that France is extremely populous, and consequently more powerful, if her force was properly directed, than her neighbours in general believe her.

We stopped at the "Hôtel du Parc Royal" in the Rue Columbier, Faubourg St. Germains, but disliking the apartments, and likewise those of "l'Hôtel Dannemarck," we were shown by our postilion to the "Hôtel d'York," in the same street, which appeared much cleaner and better in all respects: a crowd of valets de place followed us. We desired these importunate servitors repeatedly to leave us to ourselves, but to no purpose, so that I was obliged at last to show some of them faster down stairs than they came up.

We were just congratulating each other over our coffee, at getting rid of these plagues, when in rushed a hatter, two sword-cutlers, a washerwoman, two tailors, and a milliner to sell ruffles! They all began speaking together, and each preferring a petition for our custom. In vain were they told we did not want anything at

present; in vain were they desired to come to-morrow, or another time, they only talked faster and louder, and made more bows and courtesies. How long this might have lasted I know not, but seeing Mons. Foucaut, the master of the hotel, in the court-yard, I beckoned him up, and by his assistance got rid of them.

I thought of Pope's lines, which were certainly here very applicable—

> "Shut, shut the door (good John), fatigued, I said;
> Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead;
> The dog-star rages, and 'tis past a doubt,
> All Bedlam," all mad tradesmen, "are let out."

The "Hôtel d'York," where we took up our residence, was remarkably clean, and the apartments all very convenient. It is very useful to find lodgings ready for travellers, at all prices, from one guinea a month to forty. Mons. Foucaut spoke tolerable English, which was of considerable use to him in letting his apartments; and he made it useful in another way, for, as not one of his guests out of three spoke French well, he contrived to recommend tradesmen to them, and to make their bargains for

them, by which he gained pretty considerably, from the heavy tax he obliged the bourgeois to pay him.

As my English servant spoke no language but his own, I could not avoid hiring a laquais de louage, the whole expense of whom is only about thirty sous, or nearly fifteen pence a day. A carrosse de remise, or hired coach, is another of the necessaries in Paris, the price of which is twelve livres a day, and a twenty-four sous piece to the coachman.

It is usual to pay the first visit to the English ambassador. Lord Stormont was in Paris in that character when I was there. He returned my visit two hours after I had been to wait upon him.

Mons. Foucaut recommended a *traiteur* to furnish our dinners and suppers. These useful people provide not only dinners, but table-cloth, knives, spoons, and the whole paraphernalia of the table: they do this at a certain rate a head, from twenty-four sous to eight livres. They provide bread, salt, two courses, and a dessert. The wine is laid in (separately) from a wine merchant, and is by no means

cheap, as it pays a *gabelle* at entering the gates of Paris.

The price we paid for wine was—For bourdeaux, 3 *livres* 10 *sous*; hermitage, do.; côte rôti, do.; champagne, do.; frontignac, 2*ls.* 3*s.*; vin du grave, 2*ls.* 5*s.*; chambertin and burgundy, 3*ls.*

As we drank tea, we were obliged to send and buy the furniture of the tea-table, for the hotels provide nothing of the kind.

Paris and its suburbs, as far as I could judge of it, is not two-thirds so large as London and its suburbs; nor is there any kind of comparison between the two cities for beauty* and convenience, though it cuts an untravelled

* Since this was written, the whole city of Paris has been transformed as if by magic. The narrow dirty streets everywhere to be met with in the old city have been removed, and noble mansions have risen up in their place; the Boulevards have been greatly extended, and the Boulevard Sébastopol created; the Louvre, so long left in an unfinished state, has been completed, and the Place du Carrousal no longer offends the sight by hoards and placards; and, to complete the improvements, the whole city is now brilliantly illuminated with gas.

All these material improvements and embellishments have been effected under the auspices and by the good taste of Napoleon III. Nor have these improvements been

Frenchman to the heart to hear there is any place which excels it; and he will dispute the point, though he knows nothing of the matter. The environs of Paris, however, I think have the advantage, for few prospects exceed those of Mount Calvaire and Mountmartre.

The river Seine runs through Paris, but is navigable only for large boats. It is about one-third the width of the Thames at London Bridge. They mention a *bon mot* of Foote's when he was there,—that, on being asked by a Parisian who had hardly ever been out of Paris, whether he had such a river in London? "No," replied Foote, "we had such a one, but we stopped it up (alluding to the Fleet Ditch); at present we have only the Thames." The Frenchman, not understanding his drift, remained highly charmed at the superiority of the river Seine, and probably defended his idea of its greater importance ever afterwards.

confined to the capital; many of the principal cities have been similarly improved and embellished. So that the present Emperor may with much truth be designated as NAPOLEON THE MAGNIFICENT.—ED.

There are five bridges* over the Seine, two of which (le Pont Nôtre Dame and le Pont Marie) have houses upon them, as London Bridge formerly had; le Pont Neuf is a tolerably handsome bridge, near one end of which is a fine equestrian statue of Henry IV., who was stabbed by Ravaillac.

There are great numbers of shoe-cleaners on each side of the Pont Neuf, who have continual employment from pedestrian beaux in lace and embroidery, who patiently stand bareheaded with their *chapeaux bas* whilst their shoes are being japanned. Most of these shoe-blacks have another trade, by which they get more money than shoe-cleaning, and that is, by selling lap-dogs of the white rough kind, the usual price for which is a louis d'or. At night most of them carry a *falot*, a candle in a paper lanthorn.

In this ditch-like river they have several long low vessels moored head and stern, out of which the washerwomen clean their dirty linen. This is done by wetting it in the river, and then

* There are now twenty-six bridges.—Ed.

beating it with a flat piece of wood, immerging it from time to time in the water; and this way of washing is pretty general through France, so that fine linen will not bear many washings. This may be one reason why Frenchmen's shirts are generally so coarse.

The Seine has no flux or réflux, but is almost a stagnant water. What little motion it has is downwards towards the sea; but this is so small, as to render it very prejudicial to the health of the inhabitants in beverage, from the filth which is mixed with it. For, besides the foul linen, and what runs into it from the common sewers, there are a great many dyers, whose dregs, &c., being poured into it, tinge it with various hues for many hours afterwards. Besides all this, there is the filth from hospitals, particularly of the Hôtel Dieu, which runs into it, and which alone has from four to six thousand patients, with all the loathsome disorders to which human nature is subject. This water two-thirds of the inhabitants of Paris drink!*

* Since that time, 1773, the system of sewers is far superior to any yet contrived. The aggregate length of

But if their beverage is bad, their air is, if possible, more unwholesome, owing to high houses and narrow streets, which prevent the sun from visiting the ground to dry up the moisture, and occasion such filthy smells, that it is matter of the greatest wonder to me Paris has not an eternal sickness or plague raging, from the want of two such necessary things as good and wholesome water and air!

Beneath one of the five bridges there is every night a net let down, to stop the bodies of such as are murdered or drowned, and thrown into the river.* I was told there are sometimes six or seven in a night; and, as the newspapers never announce disasters of any kind, the bodies are placed in a sort of charnel-house on the banks, to be owned. So that if an inhabitant is missing, his relations generally go to search if he is amongst the unfortunate bodies in this charnel-house, la Morgue.

all the sewers already built, or under construction, is 460,000 metres.—Ed.

* It is remarkable that ten crowns are given for taking up a drowned body, and that no reward is granted for saving a citizen's life, if he should fall in!

Fuel is extremely dear in Paris (no coals being burnt), and this may be the reason they deal so much in stews, &c., which require less fire than roasted joints.

Not far from the Pont Neuf they show the house of the Admiral Coligny, who, in the massacre of St. Bartholomew in Paris, fell a sacrifice to religion and faction, being murdered and thrown out of the window. At present the case is greatly changed, for, except in processions, they have hardly any appearance of religion at all.

The houses are in general extremely high, many of them six and seven storeys, each of which is not unusually occupied by a family. The stairs of these houses are as dirty as the street; the floors of the rooms are commonly paved with red tiles, which (to save washing, as water is scarce) they paint over with red lead and size, and when dirty, dry rub them, so that the use of mops is little known in Paris.

About seven in the morning a bell is rung twice a week through the streets, for the in-

habitants to sweep before their houses; by failing herein, they incur a certain penalty. If it were not for this, there would be no possibility of walking, there being no footway; and the carriages drive close to the houses, so that the utmost precaution is necessary to prevent being run over, as the coachmen generally drive extremely fast. This is one of the circumstances which makes walking here very disagreeable, and particularly in rainy weather, as the streets are then covered with mire.

Those who walk always carry an umbrella, which is so exceedingly useful, that I wonder the people in London do not adopt it; especially as it is so much more the fashion for the better sort to walk there than in Paris, where nobody makes use of their legs but from necessity. These umbrellas are wonderfully convenient for the French beaux, whom I have frequently seen ambling along on tip-toe in the hardest showers of rain, without disordering a hair of their toupees.

Those who have apartments to let, hang bills out to announce it as with us, but with this difference, that those which are unfurnished have all the letters in the bill black, and those

garni (furnished) have a mixture of red and black; but whether this proceeds from custom, or a law of the police, I do not know.

The second day of our arrival, whilst we were at breakfast (Sunday morning), a very smart young man desired admittance to us, dressed in a good pompadour frock, worked ruffles, silk waistcoat, and silk stockings, with his hair *bien poudré*, and a bag. He expressed his hopes, in a very courtly manner, that we "were well," putting his hat at the same time under his arm, and making a profound bow. I had some idea of the man's face, but could not directly recollect where I had seen him. He soon, however, put me in mind, that he had had "the good fortune and honour" to drive our chaise from St. Denis to Paris, and to conduct us *en pied* from the Hôtel Dannemarck to that we then occupied. He said he was so "unfortunate as to have a complaint about to be made to the lieutenant of the police, by the woman who kept the Hôtel Dannemarck, for taking customers away from her house, and carrying them to another; and that he was

very fearful, if we did not intercede for him, the lieutenant of the police would imprison him in the Bicêtre."

We soon set his heart at ease about the punishment he dreaded, giving him a certificate to the lieutenant of the police, that he was no way instrumental in our leaving the other house, where we did not remain, from not liking it. We let our beau postilion know further, that "if this certificate was not sufficient, we would appear in person to vouch for his innocence." He left us with a hundred bows and *bien obligé*'s, full of hilarity; and as it was dimanche went, probably, *pour faire le galant vis-à-vis de sa maîtresse.*

This rage for finery is predominant in every Frenchman in Paris. Dress is the darling passion of their hearts. All wear their hair powdered, and a bag, with their pieces of hats *sous le bras*; everybody wears ruffles, laced or worked; everybody wears a sword; and everybody wears a bit of lace upon his clothes, if it is possible, by even starving himself to procure it. Hence it is no easy matter, at first sight, to distinguish between the gentle-

man and the bourgeois, the count and the friseur; for I have myself seen the man who dressed my hair in the morning, on the Boulevards in the evening with his bag, solitaire, and sword! That capricious and whimsical goddess, Fashion, has nowhere a more arbitrary sway than in Paris, on which account, many a Frenchman's wardrobe constitutes the greatest part of his fortune. For Fashion has ordered them to change their sort of clothes no less than four times a year; so that if they have only two changes for each quarter, they cannot have less than eight suits for the twelvemonth. The first of June, whether the weather is warm or not, they put on their summer clothes, which are silk; on the first of September they dress in their autumn suits; on the first of December, in winter clothes; and the first of March, in their spring velvets, &c. This whim of change extends even to their linen; and the man who should unfortunately be seen in a pair of point ruffles in summer, or Mechlin lace in winter, would be shunned and avoided by the *bon ton*, as much as if he had the plague.

Nothing can exceed the fondness of the Pari-

sians for English articles. If you go into a shop they will assure you, on producing the commodity you want, that it is "véritable Anglais," by way of excellence, though possibly, at the same time, there is not the least similitude. Things that come from Germany, and watches made at Geneva, have many of them English marks. I saw snuff-boxes with the words "maid in London" in the inside of the lids. Even silks of our manufacture are sold there, as well as bombazine and English broad cloths. And, though we admire the Lyons silks so much in London, I was informed on good authority, that the Lyonnese procure from England most of the patterns of the elegant silks they sell.

All the hired coaches, *carrosses de remise*, are known to be such at first sight, let them be ever so fine, by a whole ring of iron going round the wheel, instead of being in different pieces. Gentlemen's carriages are exempt from this mortifying distinction, for exceedingly mortifying it must be to a Frenchman. The fiacres, or hackney coaches, are the most execrable

vehicles in the world; and I was told they are now precisely the same, in all respects, as they were in Henry IV.'s time, when they first came into use. They are hired by none but the bourgeois, and even the lowest of them. The price is twenty-four sous between any two places within the walls (that is, in the city); or by the hour, twenty-four sous, for the first, and twenty for every hour afterwards. They are very uneasy and dirty. Their number is in yellow figures on the back. The coachman has a board behind the coach-box, whereon he frequently stands and drives, but in rainy weather always. The horses are so wretched, as to be unable to move along without incessant whipping, which is so frequent in the streets of Paris as to shock humanity. Indeed the French are, of all people upon earth, the most inhuman to horses; and from their cruel treatment of this noble animal, one would almost imagine they looked upon them as automata, and incapable of feeling.

The palace of the Tuileries is at one end of Paris, close to the Seine. It is the only palace

the King has in the capital; and even here, he* or the royal family hardly ever come, as the Parisians have fallen under his displeasure, by applauding their Parliament in its opposition to several royal edicts. The Tuileries has two fronts, both handsome, but the finest is that towards the gardens, in which the inhabitants of Paris are allowed the liberty of walking. Here are numbers of large trees which form a pleasing shade in warm weather over the walks. The principal allée is opposite the centre of the house, and terminates the view by a very fine equestrian statue of the present king, Louis XV.; on one side of which there is a magnificent range of buildings, not yet finished, with a Corinthian façade, said to be intended for the mousquetaires: it is named from the statue, La Place de Louis Quinze.†

These gardens are pleasant and agreeable, and are of considerable extent. Fashion has interfered here, and carried the *bon ton* to the small pent-up gardens of the Palais Royal, in the middle of the town, where there is neither

* Louis XV. † Since called *La Place de la Concorde.*

room nor air; and the Tuileries is abandoned by the fashionable and gay part of the inhabitants. There is a terrace walk by the side of the river, which goes half round the gardens, and terminates at a large basin near the statue. In the grand allée, or walk, which is about four or five hundred yards long, and fifty broad, under the shade of the trees, people frequently sit to enjoy the air; chairs, of which there are some hundreds, are furnished by poor people, who receive a sou from each person who uses them, and thus a comfortable subsistence is obtained.

Many of those who sit down, pull out books and read, or pretend to read; and, indeed, the national character of the French is greatly altered to what it was some time ago. They now affect gravity and a taste for literature, which, joined to their fondness for finery, makes a very whimsical *mélange*, and appears rather unnatural. I have continually seen groups of six and eight sitting under trees in the public gardens, with their eyes fixed on their books, and very seldom exchanging a word with each other. Those who understand English, which

are not few, read our newspapers with great avidity, and give their opinions upon politics and public measures, with a freedom I little expected to meet in France.

The Louvre is close to the palace of the Tuileries, and remains, as it probably ever will, unfinished.* I forget in whose reign it was begun, but each king since has added a little. The façade is really handsome, and is a composition of the Corinthian and Tuscan orders; but the part which was first built is so old that it must be taken down, if a resolution should be made by any future king to complete the palace.

Upon the portico one reads this very *modest* inscription:

> "Non orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet ullam
> Urbsve domum, dominum nec domus ulla parem."

The streets of Paris are in general miserably narrow, like our lanes. Tristram Shandy humorously wishes they had been "a thought

* This noble building has since been completed by order of Napoleon III.—Ed.

wider, that a man might know, by way of satisfaction, on which side of the street he was walking." The manner of lighting them differs much from ours in London, for here lanthorns hang over the middle of the street, suspended by lines across from one house to another, the end of which is secured in a little box in the wall, which is kept locked by the person who lights and trims the lamp. These lanthorns really give a good deal of light, by means of a concave piece of tin placed behind the wick, which collects the rays, and throws them out again to some distance; and upon the whole, though the manner has a mean appearance to people used to London; yet I must own, I think their streets better lighted than ours—I mean when their lamps are lighted; for this magnificent capital, which has "nothing like it," as they believe, has its lamps only lighted when there is no moon!

Chariots, drawn by one horse, are very common at Paris, but are chiefly used by the children of Galen. They have frequently two

seats, like a coach, and I have often seen one of these poor beasts dragging along a chariot with four people inside, besides a coachman, and a lackey, or perhaps two, behind.

There is another vehicle peculiar to Paris; and this is, a body of a post chaise, open before, and put upon a carriage with two wheels. It holds two* people, one of whom drives, and frequently appears full dressed and without a hat. A servant stands behind to take care of the carriage when his master gets out. They have coaches, too, which hold six persons, on three seats.

The Hôtel Dieu, I imagine, receives more patients than any other hospital in the world; for it is said to hold the amazing number of six thousand diseased people; but so many being crowded together produce the most terrible effects, as they breathe a fœtid, stagnant, corrupted air, enough to occasion a malady, if those who are brought there had none before. They lie two in a bed, which is also

* And often three.

a very bad regulation; and I was assured it sometimes happens, that a dead body remains for hours by the side of the sick person—a neglect shocking to humanity.

All surgeons who intend to practise in Paris are obliged to attend this hospital gratis; and they must have a certificate of their having done so, from the governors of the charity: a dinner is provided for them every day, and after seven years' attendance, they are entitled to dine there for life, or as often as they choose.

Fifty years ago, the French surgeons were superior in skill to ours; but that is by no means the case at present. Improvements in that science have gone on with much more rapidity in England, than anywhere else; and one of the surgeons of the Hôtel Dieu acknowledged to me, that he believed ours were the best in the world.*

The Bastille, so famous and so terrible, is an old building of little strength, and serves

* The modern French surgeons are acknowledged to be among the most celebrated in their profession in the world.—Ed.

the same purpose as our Tower of London, to confine state prisoners of rank, for those of inferior consequence are sent to the Bicêtre, or Petit Châtelet. There are some small cannon at the Bastille, which are fired upon occasions of rejoicing. This fortress stands at the extremity of the city, near Porte St. Antoine. Prisoners have been often sent to this place, and never afterwards heard of! I was told, one of their modes of putting to death, is by conducting the unfortunate wretch along a gallery, till he comes upon a trap-door, which gives way, and he falls all at once into a place like a well! Happy England, whose laws secure her children from ministerial trap-doors, and murders by royal authority!

There is a manufacture of beautiful tapestry in Paris, called the Gobelins, under the King's patronage. This is superior to all other tapestry, from its vivid colours, the disposition and elegance of the drawings, as well as the execution of the work. It is sold extremely dear, being from five to twenty guineas an aune (six quarters of our yard). Once a year, on the

day of Corpus Christi, it is publicly shown. I saw many beautiful pieces, but I think amongst them all, they had succeeded best in the history of Don Quixote, which is most admirably and inimitably done. There are one hundred and fifty men constantly employed in this manufacture.

Paris is a very dear place to live in. Every kind of provision pays a tax on being brought into it. Fish particularly is not only very extravagant but very indifferent; and I was assured by one of the collectors of the duty upon it, that it pays to the King one half of what it sells for! The marée (or salt-water fish) is brought so far (from Dieppe and Rouen) that it is seldom sweet, especially in the summer, for which reason they make great use of acids in the dressing it.*

The sedan chairs, which ply in the streets, are pretty much on a line, for elegance, with the fiacres: the body of them is made some-

* By the railroads this has now been obviated, and there is a good supply of fish.—Ed.

thing like the chairs at Bath which fetch you for bathing. They have one little pane of glass before, and are fixed upon two wheels, about thirty inches high; there are two shafts, like the handles of a wheelbarrow, by which one man drags them along. They are reckoned not only uneasy, but undesirable for a person of any rank to make use of. Some people of distinction have them made, and carried like ours, but these are very few.

The cathedral of Nôtre Dame is a large ancient structure, of Gothic architecture, but greatly inferior, both in size and every other respect, to Westminster Abbey. There are vast numbers of small figures carved in stone, on the outside, but many of them are defaced. The principal altar has some beautiful marble sculpture, representing the Virgin Mary, and a dead Christ. There are several good pictures in this church, by Jouvenet and Vanloo. I was present when the catafalque, or funeral solemnity, was celebrated in this cathedral, in honour of the King of Sardinia, who was allied to the royal family of France by his daughter

marrying the Count de Provence, the King's grandson. A solemn service of this kind is always performed here for every crowned head who is allied to the family of France.

The preparations for it took up some weeks; one of the aisles was appropriated to this ceremony. It was enclosed with boards, and hung with black and white hangings; a fine organ was placed at one end, at the other a grand altar. The space was laid out in boxes for the royal family, foreign ministers, peers of France, and one large one for the Parliament of Paris. I had the honour of being in the box of the English ambassador, as were likewise some others of my countrymen; but I was struck at seeing a sentinel of the guards, in one corner of it, with his musket. The French post sentries everywhere, in all public places; and to do them justice, they are more useful than ours, because they have more power. They always preserve quietness and good order wherever they are. Our sentinel had the petite croix of St. Louis dangling from his button-hole, but I know not whether particular merit or length of service entitled him to it, as this

croix is the reward of both one and the other.

The ceremony began with high mass, which was celebrated by that firebrand and hot-headed bigot, the Archbishop of Paris. This prelate I had long had a desire to see, as he had rendered himself famous by his repeated banishments and opposition to the King. From every thing I could learn of this man's character, it was exactly similar in all respects to Thomas à Becket's, our Archbishop of Canterbury, who opposed Henry II., and occasioned that prince a great deal of uneasiness and trouble, though he paid for it with his life at last. What may be the fate of this old gentleman, time must determine; at present he is just returned to Paris, by permission of his sovereign, from his last banishment.

Neither the King nor any of the royal family were at the ceremony, except the Count d'Artois, his youngest grandson, the Prince of Condé and his son, and the Duke de Chartres (son to the Duke of Orleans). Between the parts of high mass, some odd ceremonies were performed by the Prince of Condé and the Duke d'Enghien

(his son), who I imagine officiated upon this occasion as chief mourners. They were dressed in large black wigs, and, I think, cloaks, and advancing into the middle of the place, the prince made a profound reverence to the royal box, by bending his knees, in the manner of women when they courtesy; the Duke d'Enghien did the same. They then saluted the peers of France, and afterwards the Parliament of Paris, in the like manner. This mode of salutation is very ancient; they used it in England formerly, and it is preserved in making obeisance to the King of Spain to this day.

The Royal Cabinet of Curiosities is situated in the most disagreeable, vulgar part of Paris. Perhaps it might have been chosen for the vicinity of the physic garden, to which it joins, which has, as I was informed, a great number of curious botanical plants, but extremely inferior to our physic garden at Kew.

The royal collection has nothing very striking, but is a tolerable one; the corals are very fine, as are the spars and ore: but, compared with the British Museum, it cuts a very indifferent

figure. The servants here take money. All the curiosities are contained in four small rooms.

I never saw a collection of different woods, but here, and I think it far from the least curious thing in the cabinet.

There are undoubtedly many fine buildings in and about Paris. The church of the Hospital of Invalids is amongst this number; it is built of stone, of which there are some excellent quarries a small distance off. The dome rises majestically in the middle, and at each corner is a handsome chapel. These have likewise domes, round which the principal actions of the saints to whom they are dedicated are painted, in eight compartments, and their ascent into Heaven, surrounded by angels, is in the centre of each.

The large dome in the middle is finely painted with our Saviour's Resurrection. The twelve apostles are in compartments round it, and the whole is surrounded with handsome fluted pilasters of the Corinthian order.

The floor is marble, and inlaid beautifully with mosaic. It is certainly a very fine building,

but the vanity of the French makes them deal in hyperbole so much, that most of them believe, as well as call it, the finest in the world, and a ninth wonder.

I was carried to see this church by two French gentlemen, who continually burst out in the usual exclamations of "magnifique" and "superbe," declaring it to be "le plus bel morçeau dans l'univers." When I had finished viewing it, one of them asked me if we had so fine a church in England? I ventured to hint something about St. Paul's, but they both immediately assured me, though they had never been out of Paris, or at least, not out of the kingdom, that St. Paul's in London was nothing to it. I accommodated the point with my friends, by confessing that St. Paul's had not so much painting, nor so many fine altars, as this *bel morçeau*. I was silent as to the rest, and my two French friends remained happy at the idea of the superiority of the church of the Invalids over all others in the world.

The hospital is close adjoining, and is composed of five quadrangles. It seems to be a building well calculated for the purpose,—

the repose of old soldiers, worn out in the service. It contains three hundred officers, and about three thousand five hundred common soldiers; the former have a small chamber between two, and the men are eight in each room, but they all sleep in separate beds.

The refectory, where they eat, is a large spacious apartment, on the walls of which are painted most of the actions fought in the reign of Louis XIV. The private men are allowed two days in a week, to go out on their private business.

Just as we left the hospital, we heard the guns of the Bastille fire, to salute the dauphin, who was going to the opera.

This Hospital des Invalides stands on the opposite side of the Seine to the Tuileries, but lower down, and a little out of Paris. Very near it is l'Ecole Militaire, which contains three hundred and sixty young cadets, and is designed to educate them for a military life, and to form them for officers. The appointments for the masters are, however, too trifling to induce men of science to accept the employ-

ment, as I was told by two of the students. The building is of white freestone, from a large quarry twenty-four miles from Paris. It is extremely convenient, and very properly laid out. The great gallery is two hundred and forty feet long; on each side is a neat little chamber for every cadet, of nine feet square; in other parts of the building, are small rooms of the same size, agreeably to the numbers designed to be received. Those who are brought up here are entitled to a pension of one hundred crowns a year (about fourteen pounds sterling), for life, or till they attain the rank of captain, at which time it ceases. There is a spacious lawn before the building, which extends to the river Seine, on which the cadets exercise and perform their evolutions. They have a council to direct the internal government of the school, consisting of a governor, commandant, major, lieutenant, and intendant.

Though there is very little religion amongst the French in general, yet they choose to keep up something like the appearance of it. I was in Paris at the feast of Corpus Christi,

or Fête Dieu, which is the greatest festival in the year. All the shops were close shut, the streets clean swept and strewed with green leaves and flowers, and the houses adorned on the outside with tapestry and other hangings. Every parish walks in procession, and mass is said at altars erected in the streets for the occasion, during which time no carriage whatever is suffered to pass.

There is a handsome building called the College of the Four Nations, between the Pont Neuf and Pont Royal. This was erected by Cardinal Mazarin, for the education of sixty pupils in divinity, law, and physic, natives of Italy, Germany, Flanders, and Roussillon in the Pyrenees.

The Academy of Painting and Sculpture is in a part of the Louvre. I saw there several good pictures by modern hands, particularly a Sleeping Angel, a Man seized by a Lion, and a Prometheus with the vulture preying on his liver. Some of the sculpture was excellent. There was a Neptune, of about a foot and a half high, with his trident, equal almost

to anything I ever saw. There is a fine piece of sculpture of the Laocoon, carved out of a single block of marble. The pictures are chiefly by Jouvenet, Mignard, and Vateux. I had the pleasure, in this academy, of viewing those famous Battles of Alexander, painted by Lebrun, which are too well known to need commending. I am sorry to add, that these celebrated pictures are going fast to decay, from want of care and damp; the very frames are falling from them. The arts and sciences are at present but little encouraged in France, and have been on the decline there for the last half century.

The police of Paris is certainly admirably regulated, and the streets are so safe, that people can go at any hour of the night without danger of being molested. The lieutenant of the police employs innumerable spies, who are in all dresses, from the shoe-cleaner, on the Pont Neuf, to the croix de St. Louis He knows of all strangers who come to Paris, and generally in a day or two after their arrival, the business which brings them there, or else sets

spies to watch their motions;—many of the lackeys are also in his pay. Watchmen do not go about crying the hour with a candle and lanthorn, to show thieves where they are, but two of the *guet* silently walk together with muskets on their shoulders, and come by surprise upon such as are in the streets late, who if they cannot give a good account of themselves, are kept in custody to be examined next morning.

Besides the *guet*, there are parties of archers on horseback, who ride sometimes in the streets but generally along the roads; so that one never hears of a robbery being committed; though I confess, one reason of not hearing may be that they never put those sort of things into the *Paris Gazette*,—the only newspaper allowed to be published.*

The usual place for the execution of criminals is called the Grève, and is in the middle of the city, opposite the Hôtel de Ville; though they are sometimes put to death

* There are now fifteen journals, including *Galignani's Messenger*.—Ed.

in other places. I saw four men broke on the wheel for murder, in the Fauhourg St. Antoine. A scaffold was erected about ten feet high, with a wheel, something like a fore coach wheel, at each corner, but without railing round. The unhappy wretches were expected at four o'clock, and an amazing concourse of people was assembled to see the execution; but it was seven before they appeared. They were on foot, and walked very slowly, surrounded by the *guet* with muskets and fixed bayonets; the executioner and his valet* attended them. He was dressed in a bag, sword, and laced hat, and was the first who mounted the scaffold, taking off his hat and sword and laying them on one side. One of the criminals followed, accompanied by a friar, who kneeled, prayed with, and confessed him. The executioner's man then ascended the ladder, bringing with him something like a stick wrapped up in

*The word *valet* in France is properly only applied to the executioner's assistant; the term for a gentleman's footman is a lacquey.

green cloth. The poor wretch being confessed, the friar retired, and the two executioners began stripping him of all his clothes but his drawers; after which, they assisted in placing him on two pieces of wood, like a St. Andrew's cross, which lay horizontally on the scaffold, and to which they fastened him. The executioner now drew out of the green case a flat, thin iron bar, seemingly about an inch broad, and a yard and a half long. On his being fastened, the friar again came up and kneeled down at his head for about two minutes, after which he descended the scaffold. The dreadful moment now approached. It was impossible for one's feelings not to be tremblingly alive; even the multitude was affected, and waited the event with awe and silent attention. The executioner advanced and gave two quick strokes of the bar upon his left arm above and below the elbow, the same on his left thigh and leg, then on his right leg and thigh, and finished with his right arm. The *coup de grâce* was soon after given, which consisted of three

hard blows with the bar upon the stomach, which immediately dispatched him: till then, his groans and yells were horrible.

The other three were executed in the same way; but, as it grew dark, the two last suffered by torchlight, which added to the solemnity of the scene.

The populace have such an antipathy to the executioner, that he is always guarded to and from the scaffold, to prevent his being pulled in pieces.

I mentioned that the criminals did not come to the place of execution till seven o'clock, instead of the time they were expected, which was four. The reason of this, I learned, was their being so long under examination. This is a very good method, and I wish the same were adopted in England. The judges assemble, and the criminals are brought separately before them. On their way to the place of execution, I believe they are examined in a private manner, but with great strictness, as to their accomplices, and other crimes they themselves have committed, or what they know of others. Great dis-

coveries have by this means been made; for when they have taken leave of the world, and made their peace with heaven, they think it meritorious not to retain any longer secrets which may be hurtful to honest people.

There is a manufactory of plate glass in the Faubourg St. Antoine, under the protection of the King. No less than six hundred people are employed in it. The largest size is nine feet three inches by four feet eleven inches, and is worth two hundred and fifty pounds before it is quicksilvered, which comes to twenty-eight pounds more. The plate when cast is very thick, and like a piece of ice. It takes upwards of three months' constant labour to grind it to a proper thickness; and when the lattin is on they place a blanket upon it, and a great number of weights all over the surface. I cannot imagine the reason of their erecting a manufactory of this nature in Paris, as it produces none of the materials for making glass, and labour is ever dearer in a capital than other places. Some town by the sea-

side, where fuel was plentiful, would have answered the purpose much better: it would have been produced cheaper, and consequently of more utility.

The French women, though they make great profession of fondness for their husbands, are said to be almost universally unfaithful to them; for which reason, after the first child, there is little or no affection on either side towards the other; constancy can seldom be charged on either husband or wife. I was witness of a few curious scenes even during the few months I was in Paris, which effectually removed every trace of doubt about French ladies. The Marchioness de St. E—— had as little of Lucretia's way of thinking as any woman of condition in France. She was about twenty-five, handsome and accomplished. I dined with her one day, and when we rose from table she proposed to the company a trip about a mile and a half out of Paris, to see a new house which her husband had just finished, but which was not furnished. However, there was a banqueting-room in the gardens ready,

in which she intended giving us a little collation. We agreed instantly to the jaunt, and the carriages soon came to the door. The Marchioness expressed her great concern that the Marquis could not be present to show his house, &c., as "he was then at Versailles, in waiting upon the King." Unluckily, however, we had hardly entered the house, before the Marquis himself convinced us that he was not waiting upon the King, but upon a *petite maîtresse* whom he had there with him, and whom, on our arrival, he put into his chariot and sent away. These well-bred people were neither of them in the least disconcerted at this unexpected *rencontre*, but, with an easy nonchalant air, embraced, and enquired after each other's health. The Marquis stayed with us till our departure, when he begged pardon that he could not attend us to town, being obliged to return to Versailles to the King; and, embracing his beautiful wife, who was not inconsolable at the separation, we drove back to Paris, and he probably *à sa petite maîtresse* at Versailles, or wherever he kept her.

The Palais Royal is not well situated, being enclosed all round with houses, and the air and prospect certainly not good. It was built by Cardinal Richelieu, and given by him to Louis XIII., on condition that it should ever remain the property of the crown. It is at present in the possession of the Duke de Chartres, son of the Duke d'Orleans. The apartments are very convenient, but the only thing worthy of attention is the collection of pictures, which is undoubtedly the best and most capital private one of any in Europe. There are many productions amongst them of the greatest masters, and several which were bought by the French ambassador out of the English royal collection, when Oliver Cromwell ordered King Charles I.'s effects to be sold. There are, amongst many other fine pictures, one of Charles I. and his Queen, drawn by Vandyke; Two Children and Two Dogs; and the portrait of the Earl of Arundel;—those all came from England. There is, besides, the most beautiful Madonna and Child by Rubens I ever saw, and the portrait of a Dutch Burgomaster, which, they assured me, was the best picture Rembrandt ever painted.

There is a very handsome theatre belonging to this palace, in which plays are performed three or four times a week. There are no seats in the parterre or pit, but the people who go there, who are only men, always stand. The price is a shilling, but it seems to be a most uneasy place, as they are in continual agitation, pressing backwards and forwards. Sentinels are generally posted at each corner to preserve order. The actors have no fixed salaries, but divide the profits of the house in certain proportions. There was an excellent actress, Mademoiselle Raucour, when I was in Paris. She had indeed great merit, and acted very much in the style of Mrs. Yates. What was most extraordinary, she was virtuous as well as handsome,—a prodigy which but seldom is heard of on the French stage. The King, after seeing her act, sent for her to his box, and gave her a ring, introducing her afterwards to the beautiful dauphiness,* his grand-daughter, who ordered a dress to be presented to her, and exhorted her to persevere in her virtuous resolutions. Some

* Marie Antoinette.

of the nobility followed the royal example, and would have made Mademoiselle Raucour presents, but she refused all except those of the King and the dauphiness.

Operas are performed in French, which is a horrid language for music, and the music is likewise in the French style; so that the opera in Paris is not very pleasing to the admirers of Italian music. Their dances, however, are grand, and they fill their stage nobly. I have seen nearly two hundred people at one time upon it; and, indeed, the ballet is nearly one-half of the performance.

The Italian Theatre, as it is called, belongs to the Palace of the Tuileries. They act comic pieces at it, in which the questions and responses are often one French and the other Italian.

The Boulevards are a part of the ancient ramparts, which, in the summer months, have great numbers of coffee and music-houses for the recreation of the citizens. There are,

besides, various other amusements, such as rope-dancing, wild beasts, puppet-shows, Comus the conjurer, and two or three little play-houses, wherein little pieces like our farces are exhibited, and are generally very well performed.

The walks before these spectacles are frequented by a great deal of company, who saunter there in the evenings *pour faire passer le temps*.

A great deal of well dressed company sit on benches withoutside the coffee-houses, refreshing themselves with cakes, wines, &c., and seem particularly fond of a thick, ill-tasted stuff, which they call beer. In each of these houses there is a band of music plays, and at intervals a vocal performer mounts the orchestra, and squalls forth a song, which when she has finished, she comes round with a saucer to beg something of the company; but their gains that way seem not to be great.

People of greater distinction and quality take the air in their carriages, which are driven very slowly in a line abreast of the walks

before the coffee-houses. The number of coaches which appear of an evening here is astonishing, as well as the order and regularity they observe; none breaking the line till they come to the end, and then returning, if they choose it, in another line parallel to the other. The company, however, have no particular merit in this regularity; it is entirely owing to the judicious arrangement of sentinels, who are posted every three or four hundred yards to keep order, and to prevent the carriages quitting the line.

In one part of the boulevards, but at some little distance from the music-houses, is a building and enclosure which they call Waux Hall. There are several rooms in it for walking or for dancing: outside the house is a space of about two hundred and fifty yards long and eighty wide, which is strewed with clean sand, instead of gravel*, with benches placed so as to form the space into three

The beautiful gravel we have in England is not known abroad. Their walks are usually composed of sand, which, after heavy rains, is a mere quagmire. Foreigners complain of our rains, but we owe our continual verdure to that circumstance.

walks. On each side are little shops, extremely neat; some selling fruit, others orgeat, biscuits, &c., two or three with jewellery and various sorts of *bijouterie*; in which shops there are lotteries always drawing, to gull adventurers out of their money. This place abounds with opera-girls and dancers, who dress *comme femmes de condition.* The gallant *my lords anglais* soon make an acquaintance with them here; present them with fruit, lottery tickets, and, perhaps, some diamond toy. A connexion then commences, destructive to his health, to his morals, and often to his fortune. His attachment possibly holds him for life, for they are exceedingly artful and engaging, and he then passes his future days fixed in inglorious chains, the wretched keeper of a lewd woman, and despised by the virtuous part of his acquaintance.

The picture I have just drawn is by no means a flight of fancy—it is from the life; and I fear there are every month foolish young men sitting to complete it. For my own part, from everything I could learn of Paris in more than four months' residence in it, I can

see no one benefit in nature resulting from a young man of fashion going there. He makes no acquaintance with any of the French nobility, or, indeed, with any of the French families, as they are by no means easy of access to strangers in their houses. He, therefore, lives totally with his young countrymen, dining in parties of ten or twelve every day at each other's apartments, drinking, gaming, and vieing with each other who should run into the most absurd and boundless extravagance and vice.

All this happened when I was in Paris, and this must always happen from the nature of the place. There was as good and as sober a set of young men in general as chance might bring together, one or two young men of quality particularly; but two or three bad examples are sufficient, assisted by pleasure and youth, to sap and overturn whatever good resolutions virtue and sobriety might form.

The tutors who travel with young men are generally very ill chosen. The parents or guardians possibly pick out a man of good

character and of learning, who has spent most of his life in the gloom of a college, and whose conversation savours of the lamp; or, perhaps, a forward young man, well versed in the classics, but ignorant of all those accomplishments which are the polish of a gentleman, and to attain which is one of the chief uses of travelling. These are the sort of people I have commonly found leading bears through Europe. The only exception (and, indeed, the only proper man) I ever saw whilst I was abroad in this station, was Captain Brydone, (known sufficiently by his tour to Sicily and Malta,) whom I met with at Brussels, attending the Marquis of Lindsey on his travels.

If I were to choose a tutor, I should prefer that he were ignorant of Greek and Latin than of taste and politeness. He ought to be a man of perfect good breeding, with a particular knowledge of the countries he is to travel through; he should be prudent, good-humoured, penetrating, and not deficient in patience; above all, he and his pupil should be well acquainted with each other before they

leave England, and a confidence and even affection should, if possible, be established between them; by which means the tutor, with prudent management, would have an opportunity of preventing a thousand follies, by counterworking and nipping them in the bud.

The French do not, like us, call a vacant spot surrounded by houses a square: with them it is a *place*. There are a number of these in Paris, but none comparable to our principal ones in London, either for size or fine houses. The Place des Victoires is the most remarkable, though not from its buildings, elegance, or magnitude. It is famous for handing down to posterity the vanity, the pride, and the falsity of that curse to his country and to Europe, Louis XIV., who, by the best accounts of him, notwithstanding the fuss he made about his glory, was as arrant a coward as Louis XV., or any other conspicuous one.

This Place of Victories is of an oval figure, not two-thirds the size of Soho Square in London. In the centre is a pedestrian statue of the before-mentioned glorious hero, Louis

XIV., with Victory placing a crown of laurels upon his head. These two figures are of brass, thirteen feet high. Beneath him is a triple-headed Cerberus, upon which he treads, and seems to have crushed;—the emblem of the Empire, England, and Holland. Underneath is this humble, modest inscription—

"Viro Immortali."

I should have been glad to add a figure or two to the group; and would have placed our great Duke of Marlborough opposite to the immortal man, snatching at the wreath of laurels, and placing them on his own brow. Disappointment, with open arms, should be near, to embrace and receive the French hero; for she certainly did embrace him very closely all the latter part of his life.

The pedestal is of marble, and twenty feet high. At the corners are four slaves chained, alluding still to the "immortal man" overcoming his enemies. The inscription is too fulsome; it is one continued string of falsehood and bombast, and not to the honour of a sensible, candid nation to be suffered to

remain. I forget whether it was Voltaire, or who it is, that says,

> "Ces rois enorgueillis de leur grandeur suprême,
> Ce sont des mendiants que couvre un diadème."

"These puffed-up monarchs with their mighty grandeur are nothing more than beggars covered with a crown."

In fact, they are craving incessantly; it is the people that pay for the pompous robes of the royal bride, for the feasts and fireworks; and when the royal babe is born, each one of its cries is metamorphosed into a new tax.

It is certainly a pity that the form of monarchy has altered so much for the worse, as that the ambition, the vanity, or the passions of one man shall lay a present, and entail a future, curse over a whole nation. France feels to this hour the miseries brought upon her by the restless temper of Louis XIV. to disturb the tranquillity of Europe, and absurdly aim at universal empire. But so much might be said upon this subject, and it would lead me so wide of the intention of these remarks, that I drop it.

The four principal gates of Paris, St. Denis, St. Martin's, St. Bernard, and St. Antoine, are really very fine pieces of architecture, resembling triumphal arches, with bas-reliefs of battles, passing the Rhine, &c. They were erected in the reign of Louis XIV.,—monuments of his vanity and self-deification; for the inscriptions on them fall but little short of the modest ones in the Place des Victoires.

The Palace of Luxembourg, which is situated in one of the highest parts of Paris, was built by Mary of Medicis, the widow of Henry IV., about the year 1612. All that people go to see there is a pretty large collection of pictures, several of which are very fine. There is a famous gallery here, on the walls of which is painted the history of Mary de Medicis, by Rubens, from her birth to her death. They are in twenty pieces, each ten or twelve feet high, and are finely executed, only that he has given, as usual, rather too much fleshiness and strength to the limbs of the females.

The College of the Sorbonne has had many learned men on its foundation, and is the most famous school of divinity in France. Cardinal Richelieu was the great patron and benefactor to this college, and lies buried before the high altar in the church. Upon his tomb he is represented in a recumbent position, supported by Religion, with the afflicted Sciences weeping at his feet. Of all the monuments I ever saw, this pleases me the most. It is of brass, and most exquisitely executed. There is infinite taste in every part of it; and one hardly knows which to admire most, the elegance of the thought, or the execution of the design.

The church is finely ornamented with pillars and pilasters of the Corinthian order in marble, with the capitals and bases of gilt brass. The dome is painted too, but there is no ornament in it worth mentioning comparable to that very fine monument I have just spoken of, which was executed by the famous Girardot.

The dauphin* and the beautiful dauphiness†

* Afterwards Louis XVI.

† The unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

made their first public *entrée* into Paris whilst I was there. It was the first time she had been in the capital, though she had been married nearly three years, on account of the King's displeasure with the citizens for seeming to incline to the Parliament against his edicts. On entering the city, the guns from the Bastille saluted them, and they proceeded to the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, where they heard mass. An amazing crowd was gathered all the way they passed; and, from their going first to church, it was rumoured that the dauphiness was with child, and that thanksgiving would be made for her pregnancy. The multitude in general believed this; and an old woman, having fortunately got a convenient stand close to which they passed, called out in rapture to the dauphiness, "God bless your sweet face! and grant the child with which you are *enceinte* may come in time to be a marshal of France!" This was the highest possible dignity in the old woman's idea. The dauphiness heard her, half smiled, and blushed deeply. Frenchmen were divided in opinion why she blushed; the generality thought her royal consort ought rather to have blushed.

From Nôtre Dame they went to the Palace of the Tuileries to dinner, and afterwards walked in the gardens, which were still continued public. But such a crowd I never experienced in my life! It was almost impossible for a company of the guards, who surrounded them, to keep off the mob; though by that epithet I do not mean the rabble. I do not remember to have observed such extraordinary patience as the military exhibited on this occasion, to their great honour. They were squeezed, trampled upon, and hardly permitted to advance. Their officers suffered in like manner; but all the force they exerted was entreaties and persuasions. It became, at last, impossible to proceed, and the royal pair returned to the palace, half stifled with dust and want of air. The dauphiness, however, smiled often, and seemed pleased with the vast concourse of people, and with the flattering epithets she heard herself named with.

In the evening they went to the play, which was a comedy, with that pathetic *petite pièce* afterwards, *Le Déserteur*. I was surprised, con-

sidering the avidity they were gazed upon and followed, that I was able to procure a box near them without any great difficulty. A favourite actor, who had retired from the stage, played again for this night. The house was illuminated *en gala*, and the royal pair sat together in a side box on the first story, which had very little embellishment.

I was struck with the strong turn the French people have for adulation. Part of a song in the *Deserter* has the words "Vive le roi!" in it, which the audience encored seven or eight times. I was amazed at this, knowing their strong dislike to old Louis, who grinds them down with infamous heavy taxes to support an insatiable mistress and grasping favourites. But they were not content with encoring, they even joined with the actors, and roared out "Vive le roi!" so long and so lustily, that it was really enough to make a foreigner like myself believe, (if I had not known pretty well to the contrary,) that the title of "Bien Aimé" was continued to him with propriety. The "Vive le roi" was no great compliment, neither, to the dauphin,

had they considered, as he could never be their king if their prayer was granted.

Though Louis XV. is certainly disliked in general by his subjects, yet fear tied up their tongues from invective against him. But this was not the fortune of the Minister of Finance, the Abbé Terray; for they abused him in all the coffee-houses in the most public manner, which, in so despotic a government as France, I should have thought it dangerous for them to attempt.

This Abbé Terray is said to be a man of great wit and readiness, to which he owes his advancement and present fortune. Happening to be at the toilet of Madame Du Barri, soon after she became the mistress of the King, she turned round to him and said, "What is love, mons. l'abbé?" To which he immediately answered, with a sigh which a Frenchman always has ready for the ladies, and with his hand upon his breast, "Ah, madame!

L'Amour est un enfant, qui est mon maître;
Il est fait, comme vous,
Il pense, comme moi,
Il est plus hardi—peut-être."

He concluded, like a gallant Frenchman, with a low bow and another sigh. The lady was exceedingly pleased; and this little incident laid the foundation of his present greatness. He has sense enough to know, that not only the post he holds, but his continuance in it, is owing solely to the protection of Madame Du Barri, and he therefore is devoted to her interests, and endeavours to find out fresh means continually of feeding her rapacity.

She is very tall and *embonpoint*, and her neck large. She is certainly a fine woman, but with an air of vulgarity which could never be got the better of. Her complexion is good, and her hand and arm very beautiful, to which she is no stranger. I forget her parents' names, but they were low people; and she had given a loose to her inclinations for some years before the King had seen her. After the death of Madame de Pompadour, it was necessary to find a mistress for the King, lest he should find one for himself. The old Duke de Richelieu, uncle to the minister, pitched upon this woman, as one of no talents for politics, and who would be

grateful to those who raised her to so high a station. Her former numerous happy lovers was no objection, but she was single, and old Louis XV. might do as foolish a thing as his immortal father, Louis XIV., who married his mistress, Madame de Maintenon. To prevent this, it was necessary to marry Mademoiselle ——, and to have her introduced at court. It was proper that her husband should be a man of some fashion: in France this was no difficult matter to bring about, and the Count Du Barri, having an intimation of the business, immediately offered that his younger brother should marry her, who was then a subaltern officer in one of the frontier garrisons. This was consented to, and Mons. Du Barri was instantly sent for. He married her the night of his arrival, and joined his regiment again directly, leaving Paris and his bride next morning, and they say never had lived with her at all.

A few days after this she was presented at court, and, being the sort of figure which old Louis admired, he took great notice of her; and, by the assistance of Richelieu and

the Duke d'Aiguillon, it was not long before the completion of his wishes, and of hers too—if they consisted only in riches and rank, for she was immediately declared Comtesse Du Barri.

There is a small convent of English Benedictine friars in Paris, in the church of which lie the remains of King James II. They are deposited in a coffin, enclosed within iron bars, covered with a velvet pall and plumes of feathers, with royal escutcheons hanging down with the arms of England, and on the top a cushion with a crown upon it. The friar who attended me unlocked a small desk covered with black, and showed me the head and face of that prince taken off in wax immediately on his decease,* which he assured me was a striking likeness; and they had placed upon it the cap in which he died. It was enclosed in a glass case, and may last half a century longer.

All the friars I saw here were extremely

* He died seventy-four years ago.

civil and respectful, though I happened to be in the English naval uniform; and offered to show me their convent, which I accepted. They brought me into a handsome parlour, where, amongst other pictures, I observed one over the chimney of a very handsome man on horseback; and, being struck by seeing the English blue garter across him, I asked who it was. I shall never forget the delicacy of the answer:—"That, sir," said the friar with a respectful inclination of his head towards me, "is the picture of an unfortunate gentleman." I felt in an instant my own inconsiderateness in asking the question, and his great politeness in the way he answered it, and returned his bow without a reply. The picture was a very handsome likeness of the Pretender.

Not far from this is the church of the Carmelites, in which are some good paintings. I admired a fine Magdalen at one of the altars, and was told it was the picture of the beautiful La Vallière, the mistress to Louis XIV; but whom, from religious motives, she had quitted

privately, and threw herself into this convent. The King, who was passionately fond of her, took every means to recover her, but in vain. He surrounded the convent with his guards, and went so far in his purpose as to threaten to set it on fire if she were not given up. Madame La Vallière then wrote to him, entreating that he would leave her to make her peace with heaven in that place; but, if his anger was not to be appeased, she begged he would permit the nuns to retire, and not destroy the innocent and the guilty together. The King was exceedingly affected at this, and ordered the guards to withdraw; and sent her magnificent presents, which she bestowed upon the convent. Shortly after this she took the veil for life, placing thereby an insurmountable barrier for ever between her and the King.

Another particular which makes the story still more extraordinary is, that she loved the King with excessive fondness. This I should doubt, because the sacrifice appears to me beyond human resolution. Many, it is certain, have died for the sake of religion; but then

the pains of martyrdom have not exceeded a few hours. Here soul and body must be kept on the rack,—

> "Condemned whole years in absence to deplore,
> And think of one she must behold no more."

Enthusiasm, however, has certainly occasioned the most extraordinary resolutions; and whilst the fit lasts, it is capable of supporting the party through tortures, or even death itself. This beautiful devotee caused herself to be painted as Guido has drawn his Magdalen: her hands are clasped together as in an agony of grief, her fine hair dishevelled, and her eyes, surcharged with tears, turned up towards heaven. It is painted by Le Hire, and is fixed over the altar of a small chapel dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen.

There are several other churches worthy of attention, from their architecture and embellishments, particularly St. Sulpice, St. Généviève, Val de Grace, &c.

The Hospital des Enfants trouvés, or Foundling Hospital, is near the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame.

It is not magnificent like ours, but upon a much more useful plan, because it refuses no children that are offered.

Paris is certainly hotter in the summer considerably than London; and I think the air does not continue nearly so long damp after rain as with us. The environs are very pleasant, and the roads straight and in good order. The hills of Montmartre and Calvaire add to the scene. The latter was anciently a Roman station, and the former had a temple upon it dedicated to Mars, from whence it took its name.

The fine tomb erected by order of the King to the memory of Marshal Saxe, which was to be placed in the Cathedral at Strasburg, being just finished, I went with some company to the architect's house, without the Boulevards, to view it.

It is of the finest white marble, nearly twenty feet high. The marshal stands in a Roman habit, with his baton in his hand, looking firm and composed at Death, who appears covered with a mantle below, holding

an empty hour-glass in one hand (showing him his sand was run), and with the other pulling up the lid of an empty sarcophagus. France, as a female figure, in a robe bordered with fleurs-de-lis, appears between the hero and Death, with the deepest grief depicted on her countenance, holding the marshal's arm in one hand, and with the other in the attitude of pushing the spectre away. On one side the ensigns of France are elevated, as for victory; on the other, the three united belligerent powers appear under the symbols of an eagle, a leopard, and a lion. The sculptor has, for what reason I know not, designed Holland by the latter, and made the most brave and noble of beasts in the act of running away. England, under the figure of the leopard, is thrown on his back, to show rather what France would have done than what she really did. The imperial eagle seems frightened, and falling backwards; and, till it was explained to me, I really took it for the Gallic cock, which had received a mortal blow in the loss of the greatest and best French general.

The ensigns and trophies of the enemies of

France appear torn and broken; the genius of War, under the figure of a naked boy with a helmet on, extinguishes a lighted torch, weeping. In another part of the background a fine Hercules is seen in a dejected posture leaning on his club, to denote the concern of the army for the loss of a general under whom they had been so often victorious.

Such is the design of this monument. There is some merit in several parts of the execution, particularly in the attitude and concern of the female figure; but, on the whole, it falls very far short of what might have been expected, considering the French Academy of Sculpture projected the design, and had it executed by their directions, and under the royal patronage. This monument is now put up in Strasburg.

Sceaux is a little palace about six miles from Paris, belonging to the Count d'Eu, a natural son of Louis XIV. It has extensive gardens, but not well kept up, as the count is extremely old. There is a good statue opposite the house—a copy of the gladiator at Florence; but I am always disgusted with the attitude, from its un-

naturalness: for with what propriety can a man, covering his body from an enemy with his shield, have his right leg foremost? The chapel is in the house, very small, but pleasing. The paintings in it, amongst which is one of God the Father, are by Mignard. The count has a small seat opposite the altar, enclosed with glass, probably to prevent his catching cold. In the apartments are a few good pictures, particularly one of Vertumnus and Pomona. One of the rooms communicates with the next by folding-doors of glass, which, at a distance, reduces all the company to small distorted dwarfs, and occasions much merriment. As you approach you recover your size; but going still nearer, you find yourself elevated to the height of a giant. There is one ridiculous picture of the Duke of Maine's family, who are all represented as beasts of different kinds, clothed. The thought, it is said, was that of Voltaire.

Versailles, which is twelve miles from Paris, has been so often described, that the subject is exhausted. The ground about it was na-

turally barren, and without water. Louis XIV. chose to show the world that he wanted taste, sense, and honesty, or he never would have raised Versailles in such a spot, and amidst all the horrors of a bloody and most ruinous war.

This place was a small hunting-seat of Louis XIII. There are three fine avenues to it, which all terminate at the palace. The principal front is to the gardens; but the disposition of the windows is not pleasing, as those on the grand storey have their tops arched, and those above them are square. Some of the statues in the gardens are fine, and many worse than indifferent. The labyrinth and the little leaden beasts and birds of Æsop's fables, spouting water at each other, are only fit for the admiration of children. The straight walks and straight canals are not conformable to the better taste of this age. Versailles seems going to ruin fast, even though it remains the royal residence. The dauphin, when he comes to the throne, will decide whether it is to be re-created, or sink into a heap of ruins.

There is a vast deal of room in the palace,

and the apartments are very magnificent. The royal chapel is a fine one. I was present at high mass, at which the King's band played. The dauphin and dauphiness were there, and the Count and Countess de Provence, who is daughter to the King of Sardinia. Her sister has since married the Count Artois, the dauphin's youngest brother.

The principal staircase is of marble, thirty feet wide, and adorned with paintings and sculpture. It leads to the grand apartment, in which are many fine pictures by the greatest masters of the Italian, Flemish, and French schools.

In a room near the King's private apartments is a whimsical clock, which, at the end of the hour, discovers a cock on the top, which crows three times; then two doors open, and two dragons appear, as likewise a brass man with a club, who strikes the quarters and retires. The clouds then open, and discover the figure of Time; and then another door flies open, and a statue of the King comes forward. The hour strikes; upon the finishing of which the statue goes in, and Time retires into the clouds, which immediately close.

Since the attempt upon the King's life, caution has been used, and only few people are permitted to approach the King's private apartments. The French gentlemen I went with endeavoured to procure admittance to them, but in vain, and they expressed concern that I could not see them. An officer of the court, however, came up to me, and asked if my dress was not the uniform of the English navy. I answered in the affirmative, telling him likewise my rank; upon which he, with great civility, carried me to the keeper of the private apartments, and told him to admit me. I interceded for my company, which, with some little hesitation, was granted. The King was only gone out to take the air, and was expected in an hour. I recollect nothing very extraordinary in these apartments but a good coffee-mill, in which the grand monarch always grinds his coffee. I am told, likewise, that he usually makes his own punch, of which he is exceedingly fond, and takes tolerable potations of it.

The waterworks never play except on Whit-Sunday, and two or three other holidays, and upon extraordinary occasions, such as a royal

visit, or an ambassador's first audience. This is owing to a want of water, for it is all raised from the Seine to the height of five hundred feet, and from Marli it is brought along an aqueduct to the reservoir at Versailles.

I was present at the King's public supper, or what the French call *le grand couvert*. The room was small, and excessively crowded. In the middle was a horse-shoe table, covered. The King entered about nine o'clock, preceded by several noblemen and great officers of state, and the royal family followed him. When he got to his place, he put his hand in his pocket, out of which he drew three long rolls, and laid them upon the table. When he was seated, the dauphin placed himself on his right hand, but much below him; the Count de Provence next, and the Count d'Artois lowest. Opposite the dauphin, on the King's left hand, sat the dauphiness, then the Countess de Provence, and the mesdames of France, who, though young, are very fat, and far from handsome.

There was a large piece of roast beef before the King, of which he ate very heartily; and I

thought the beautiful dauphiness played her part very well, and showed she had an excellent constitution, if one might judge from her stomach.

When the King chooses to drink, a taster calls out with a loud voice, "Drink for the King!" on which a salver is brought him with an empty covered glass, and two decanters, one with wine, the other water. The taster hereupon takes off the cover of the glass and turns it upside down, in a small flat silver cup, then places it again on the salver; after which he pours a spoonful or two of the wine into the silver cup, and a little of the water with it. Then another taster divides it into another cup, and each drinks. After this the first taster presents the salver to the King, who mixes and drinks. This ceremony is repeated as often as the King is thirsty.

I observed he drank no wine by itself, nor was he served on the knee. I do not recollect any sovereign but the King of England who is so served. When the dauphin or his brothers drank, his attendants called out, "Drink for the dauphin!" &c.; but they had no taster as the King had.

Old Louis did not seem cheerful, but sat in his arm-chair without speaking more than two or three words to the dauphiness; to every other person he was silent. When supper was about half over, happening to turn his head to one side, his eyes were immediately attracted by the beauty, the figure, and the diamonds of a lady who was with me. He saw she was English, and whispered a nobleman who stood behind his chair, probably to know who she was, but he could not inform him. However, he came up to Mrs. G——, and begged to know her name and rank, and how long she purposed staying in France. She drew up at the questions, and told him she did not understand the purport of his inquiries; to which he answered in a very respectful manner that he came by command of the King, who wished to know. "His majesty, sir, has certainly a right to be informed; and you will please to say, that my name is G——; that I am a woman of some condition in my own country, which is England; that I am travelling for my health and my amusement; and I have not determined what stay I shall make in France."

The great man returned to the monarch with this information; and all the rest of the supper-time he turned his eyes continually upon her. The obsequious courtiers made a lane from the King to the lady, that nothing might intervene, and I suppose the whole court thought Mdme. Du Barri was in a fair way to be supplanted. The dauphiness, too, seemed to gaze upon Mrs. G—— as much as old Louis, and sent one of her attendants to make inquiries of her name and quality. All this, however, produced nothing except some uneasiness to Mdme. Du Barri, who was informed of the scene immediately. The old King was either not smitten, or they managed him, to prevent any consequences arising from his sudden cupidity.

Whilst supper continued, the ladies who attended the dauphiness and the royal family sat on benches behind them. At last the King arose, and washed his hands from a gold basin and ewer which two noblemen held, the dauphin presented the napkin to him, and then they all left the room in the same manner in which they entered it.

As soon as the King withdrew, ice-creams

and sweetmeats were presented to Mrs. G——, which she declined. The French ladies seemed to envy her, believing her no doubt to be the favourite mistress elect.

At a small distance, and within the park of Versailles, stands a very convenient little pleasure house belonging to the King, called Marli. It was a favourite retirement of Louis XIV. and Madame Maintenon. It is a square building, painted on the outside, but now wanting a great deal of repairing. The house is conveniently disposed within, and the King's apartments and those of Mdme. Du Barri are very near, communicating by a small staircase. There are four very good battle pieces by Vander Meulen; and in the large saloon, which has a dome to it, are pictures of the Four Seasons, by Coypel and Juvenet, extremely well executed. The tapestry in the King's apartments is beautiful, of the Gobelins, and contains the history of Don Quixote wrought in a very capital manner and with the most vivid colours.

The gardens are small, but more pleasingly

laid out than those at Versailles. Six small square pavilions, detached from each other, stand on each side the front of the palace, and form a sort of avenue to it; at the end of which a fine piece of water appears, and two copies of statues at Rome of horses and men. There are several other good statues here, particularly that of Time discovering Truth, which I think is by Girardot.

Upon the whole, I esteem Marli a very pleasing place. The waterworks, though not so various, are in a better style than those at Versailles; and, were I to choose, I would take Marli in preference to any of the palaces I saw, though in size it certainly is not one-twentieth part so large as Versailles.

The present King comes here three or four times in the year, and at some particular festivals plays at cards or dice in public.

Before I quit Versailles I must take notice of the largest and finest orangery I ever saw. It is truly magnificent, both from the number and size of the trees. I admire this spot more than any other, and it acquires additional

beauty by the happy disposition of some water near it.

The famous machine of Marli, for raising water out of the Seine for the waterworks at Versailles, is near this palace. It is a very complicated piece of work, and, though it might be a wonderful proof of ingenuity in the reign of Louis XIV., at this time of day, when mechanics of all kinds are so much improved, we can discover a great deal of useless labour and expense, which might have been avoided by a different construction.

There are fourteen large water wheels of thirty-six feet diameter each, which are turned by the stream of a branch of the Seine. These work pumps which throw, or rather force, the water up iron pipes of eighteen inches diameter, which lie along the acclivity of a hill at forty-five degrees elevation. The water is carried by this means into the first reservoir, which is about one hundred yards square, and near one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river. From this, by a great deal more complex machinery, the water is

again forced upwards in the same manner through three iron pipes to a second reservoir one hundred and fifty feet higher; whence it is again forced up to the top of an aqueduct standing on thirty-six arches, which is five hundred and two feet perpendicular height from the river Seine, and from this it is carried in iron pipes between four and five miles to supply the fountains, jets d'eau, &c., at Versailles and Marli.

The quantity of water procured by all this complex business is very small, and they have never enough in the reservoirs to play above five or six hours at a time, three or four days in the year; notwithstanding which, it has cost immense sums of money since its first erection. I was assured that the expense now is more than fifty thousand crowns yearly, or seven thousand pounds. It was begun and finished by Louis XIV., about ninety-two years ago, but must have been several times renewed, as the wheels last only twenty-five years.

Upon the hill very near this machine Madame Du Barri has a small house. There is a plea-

sant banquetting-house in the gardens looking down upon the river Seine, which runs immediately under it. It is lined throughout with white marble, and has innumerable large china vases about it, in which various flowers grow. The house is not worth mentioning but for a picture I observed in it, a portrait of Madame Du Barri. The background of it represents a butt, with a heart pierced through the middle with an arrow. She holds a second arrow in her hands broken in two, an emblem, perhaps, that she will now no more attempt to wound another heart. The picture is very ill painted.

The Palace of St. Germains, the residence of the late King James and of the Pretender, is four miles from Versailles, and about twelve from Paris. It is built in the form of a castle, but at the present time is quite neglected and out of repair. It is divided into little apartments, and is still the residence of the sons and relations of those unfortunate men, who, from attachment to the line of the Stuarts, are unable to return to their own country. The silence

and melancholy which reign here seem to point it out as a fit spot for treason and conspiracy.

The situation of St. Germains is high, and the river Seine flows slowly under it. Had Louis XIV. embellished this spot, instead of the barren one of Versailles, he might have formed one of the finest and most pleasant palaces upon earth. Nature has here done a great deal. The ground is high and irregular, encircled with fine woods, and a river flowing beneath. The terrace is particularly admired, and is three thousand paces in length. There is a view from hence of the steeples of St. Denis, the burial-place of the kings of France, which is said to be the true reason that Louis XIV. would never be persuaded to build his palace on this elegant spot.

The Elysian Fields are at the end of the gardens of the Tuileries, in which is a building called the Colisée, something in imitation of our Ranelagh, and near which the Sieur Torré sometimes exhibits fireworks.

I was present when the King reviewed his

Swiss and French Guards in the plains of Sablon. The sight was very fine. The numbers were about ten thousand men, drawn up in two lines. The King came in a very rich state coach, followed by the dauphin, dauphiness, and all the royal family, each in separate state coaches, with a train of some hundred carriages. The officers paid the usual honours to the royal family as they passed the line. Immediately after which the King got out and mounted a white horse; and then the companies marched by in files, and saluted him again. The Count d'Artois passed, and saluted as colonel of the Swiss Guards. I never saw a finer body than the French Guards, every private man of whom looked like a gentleman.

The number of spectators was incredible; I should hardly have thought that Paris could have contained so great a number.

Choisy is another royal palace, about ten miles from Paris, and situated upon the banks of the Seine, but standing very low. There are good gardens belonging to it, but laid out with little taste, though the place

might be made very delightful. The house is elegantly furnished; some of the rooms are in the Chinese taste, and everything in them is in that style. Madame Du Barri has some very convenient apartments in this palace, which join those of the King. There is one curious eating-room calculated for supping in private, without attendants. The table, on pulling a bell, descends and rises fresh covered in one minute and a quarter. Dumb waiters, with clean plates, wines, and everything that is wanted, rise and descend in the same manner, so that no servant whatever need appear. The contrivance is very curious, and has as many wheels as a watch. The King, and a select party, often sup here in this way.

The village of St. Cloud is not more than two leagues from Paris, and is greatly resorted to on Sundays by the bourgeois, who make excursions of pleasure here, as our citizens do to the little towns in the environs of London. It is famous for the curious manufactory of porcelain carried on, called Sèvre china, and which, for painting and elegance, is equal to any in the world.

A mile from hence, up the hill, is a small palace where the King chiefly resides, though he never receives company there; no other than select invited guests being ever admitted.

This small palace is called Belle Vue, and the situation deserves the name, as it is really beautiful. The meandering of the Seine makes it appear as going round several islands; four or five bridges add to the view, which is terminated by the spires and city of Paris.

By the goodness of the Prince of Condé, I got admittance to be present here at a private supper of the King's, in which majesty is thrown aside, and he appears the equal of his company in dress and everything else.

The King and his guests, men and women, were all seated promiscuously at a large round table, to the number of eighteen or twenty people. Every one was dressed alike, in the royal hunting uniform, which is green, with broad gold lace. Amongst the guests were the Dukes de Richelieu and d'Aiguillon, the Prince of Condé and his son, the Duke d'Enghien, the Prince of Soubize, and several duchesses and women of the first distinction, but no ladies of

the royal family. Madame Du Barri sat like Lais by the side of Alexander, talking familiarly with the King, and taking things off his plate to show her consequence. Her manner was apparently low and vulgar. She seemed to affect great affability, and talked and smiled all round the table. The course was taken off by footmen in liveries extremely dirty; and the dishes brought in by the Swiss Guards, who are the great favourites, with their hats on, though in the same room, and almost touching the King.

The Prince of Soubize seemed to be the person whom the King took most notice of, and conversed with chiefly. He is a nobleman of a very generous and amiable disposition. His estate is estimated at £130,000 sterling per annum.

The idea that the giving of vails is peculiar to England is not true. I have never yet seen a foreign servant refuse it—nay, at Choisy (a royal palace), a finely dressed man all over lace, with a bag and solitaire, who had shown a part of the royal apartments, stepped after

me, and said he "believed I had forgot to give him anything." I stood astonished at such meanness from such a beau; but, recollecting myself, I put half-a-crown into his hand, with which he withdrew highly satisfied, after making me forty *congés* to the very ground!

I had been now upwards of four months in Paris, and began to be heartily tired of the place. I therefore prepared for shifting my quarters. As a previous step to this, it was necessary to procure a pass for leaving the kingdom, as I proposed making Brussels the next place of my *séjour*. Lord Stormont, the English ambassador, was so good as to procure me this necessary companion, and I employed the remainder of my time in making those visits of ceremony which custom, and the particular civilities of many people, had made necessary. I left Paris at the end of July, taking the Lisle road. I travelled all night, and breakfasted at Pont de Maxence, which seemed to have nothing remarkable in it. I proceeded through several other places, along a fine road, paved in the middle, till I

came to Gournay, where I dined, and entered Peronne in the evening, where I supped and lay, it being sixteen posts, or about ninety-six miles, from Paris. Here I had unexpectedly the satisfaction of meeting Count Conti and his lady (the imperial consul of Geneva), together with Mr. A——, an English gentleman, likewise of my acquaintance, who were all on their way to Paris.

Peronne is a fortified town, but not strong. It is extremely clean, and pleasantly situated; but I can say very little of it, being too much tired to make many remarks. I left it early in the morning, and got to Cambray to breakfast.

At this place is made the fine cloth we call cambric, though they sell it very dear, at least the prices they asked me as a traveller were so. It is an exceedingly pretty clean town, and very strongly fortified.

The cathedral is a large fine old structure, and has a great number of ancient monuments and antique carvings, &c. It contains, likewise, some precious relics considered to be invaluable. I did not care to ask for a sight of them, lest, as a heretic, they might have thought I

was turning religion into a jest. They have there, as I was informed, the arm of St. Come, and the head of some other saint, but I forget who; they state also, that they have likewise a piece of the true cross, and several other relics they highly prize.

They showed me, in the sacristy, the pictures of all the bishops of this province for three hundred years past. I gazed with pleasure on that of Fénélon, the worthy author of *Telemachus*. The present bishop seems a remarkably handsome man. He is brother to the present Duke d'Aiguillon, and, from his picture, cannot be more than five-and-thirty years of age.

In another part of the cathedral, I was shown the model of a large church in silver, which enclosed, as they assured me, a piece of the Virgin's garment, and a bit of our Saviour's robe, with some of St. John's blood. Though there are many altars, there are few tolerable paintings. I must, however, mention some I saw in another church at Cambray, done in clair-obscure, to represent sculpture in alto-relief. They are most admirably executed, and I could hardly be persuaded they were not fine

statues, when I was a very few feet from them. They are the performance of a Fleming from Antwerp.

There is a very spacious and noble parade at Cambray, and I observed on the steeple of a church near it, a vast number of bells of different sizes, which on inquiry I found to be carillons, or chimes, which play many tunes in different keys. I learned that there was a complete scale of tones and semi-tones, like those in a harpsichord or organ. The man whose particular province it is to play upon this music, is called the carillonneur, and has a handsome salary from the town. And really he deserves it, for it is very hard work, as the keys must be struck so strongly with the hand sideways, as to be heard distinctly through the place. These keys communicate with the bells, as those of the harpsichord and organ do with strings and pipes. The bass he plays with his feet on pedals, which communicate with the largest bells. The exercise is so very strong, that on finishing, I was told, the carillonneur is as hot frequently as to make him appear wet, as if coming out of a river.

The music from these bells is, however, not pleasing to a nice ear, for the vibrations of each bell occasion the notes to run into one another, and cause a jarring and disagreeable sort of confusion.

As I proposed visiting Brussels, I left the Lisle road here, and continued my route towards Bouchain. When I approached within two or three miles of it, I perceived one of the Irish brigades under arms, and a few minutes afterwards the Duke de Chartres, son to the Duke d'Orleans, arrived to review them. I alighted to see their evolutions, which were very indifferent; and, indeed, the regiment on the whole cut but a poor appearance, being composed of Germans, Dutch, and not one Irishman in ten.

The French certainly owe much to the Irish brigades on many occasions, but they seem to have forgotten it. Formerly they granted them many privileges and better pay than the national troops; lately, all this is at an end, and the brigades are now only on the same footing with other regiments. They look upon this as a disgrace, and feel it much. Some of

the Irish officers have lamented to me much that they could not be permitted to serve in the English army. A restriction as regards this, at the time of the revolution, might be necessary, but as all apprehension of the Pretender is now over, and probably for ever, a relaxation in some points, perhaps, might regain many, who would prove faithful subjects and good servants to the King.

I took notice that the words of command were given to this regiment in English.

His royal highness staid but a short time reviewing the brigade, and then got into his chaise for Valenciennes, at which place I arrived at five in the afternoon.

Both at Bouchain, which is fortified, and at Valenciennes, which is strongly so, I went through the ceremony of telling my name on entering the city gate, and having my baggage examined on the outside. A piece of money, properly applied, smooths most difficulties upon these occasions.

They examined me here, however, more strictly than they had done before, and I was desired to produce my pass, as it was the

last town in the French dominions; the officers of the customs behaved with great respect and civility

This place, being a frontier town, is extremely well fortified, and they can occasionally, by sluices, lay the whole country under water. There were four very fine regiments in garrison, which is the least number they ever keep here in time of peace.

The walks on the ramparts and round the town are uncommonly beautiful. They were made by the soldiers, and have great numbers of flowering shrubs planted in different places.

Whether they were particularly suspicious and jealous of me, or whether it is their usual custom towards strangers, I know not, but I observed myself followed by a soldier round the ramparts, and wherever I went.

The parade is extremely large, and the hos-

* I saw a curiosity on the steeple of a church here—a stork's nest, on the point of it, built of sticks. The four young ones were large enough to be discoverable from the ground. I was looking at it, when the parent bird returned to them with food. She soared over their heads for some time, but they seemed to know her, and then she alighted, distributing to each his portion, with great seeming exactness.

pital for soldiers is the finest I ever saw, except the Invalides in Paris, and Chelsea Hospital.

In this town and its vicinity they make the ruffles so much worn throughout Europe. They asked a very high price for what I saw, and I afterwards bought the same sorts much cheaper, at Brussels, though in the dominions of another prince.

A small distance beyond Valenciennes* is a narrow ditch, which separates the kingdom of France from the Austrian Netherlands, belonging to the Emperor. There is a small custom-house on each side, at neither of which was I stopped for the examination of my baggage.

I will freely confess, that I quitted this powerful kingdom with very different ideas of it than I had at my landing. I saw a numerous peasantry (the number of people in France is supposed to be twenty-five millions), and a

* Admirable mineral waters are to be met with within three leagues of Valenciennes; the mud (which is yellow) is particularly efficacious in rheumatisms, gravel, &c. The patient sits in the mud, high enough to immerge the part complained of in it.

cultivation of country superior to any other I had ever travelled in, the whole distance considered; for the most part of the way from Paris was one continued corn-field, for one hundred and sixty miles together. I saw no signs of very abject poverty, but the common people seemed robust, and clothed as ours are. I do not pretend to make more than cursory observations, as my journey was too rapid to admit of any other; but, from what I saw in that kingdom in 1773, I formed this judgment: that if France shall ever be governed by a wise and able prince, who has the good of his country really at heart, and who will abolish the present grinding and infamous mode of farming out the taxes, and will put an end to persons of both sexes taking vows of celibacy for life, in convents;—these, joined to proper encouragements to trade, and making honourable what formerly used to be looked upon there in another light, will certainly make France the most potent and flourishing kingdom upon earth. At present, in spite of every inconvenience arising from misgovernment and mis-

management, they have resources which no other government has.

It is not necessary to mention the various taxes imposed in France, as they are largely described in many books which treat of the internal police of that kingdom. I shall only slightly touch upon two, the *gabelle*, or tax upon salt, which (though it produces a large sum to government) must be considered as hard and oppressive, from the obligation laid upon each family to purchase a certain quantity, in proportion to their number, at a very high, exorbitant rate; the other is, that exemption to the nobility, clergy, citizens of Paris, &c., of not paying any land-tax, capitation, or tenths, which is hard upon the lower classes of people, who are squeezed the more to make up for it, and are less in a condition to pay. The consequence of this is, that there is no middle state between the lord and the peasant, so that the independent, affluent farmer, so common with us, is quite unknown in France. This oppression of the lower sort of people has one consequence

attending it,—that the King's armies are recruited with less difficulty. Yet the consideration of the cause of this advantage must be attended, one would think, with concern to any monarch, who wished to be esteemed the "father of his people."

From the time I entered the imperial dominions, I thought the buildings and face of the country looked more like England, than any I had seen on the continent. It produces plenty of fine corn, and I observed several hop-gardens as I passed, polled in the same manner as ours in Hampshire and Kent.

The town of Mons soon after rose to my view, which took its name from the situation, standing on the summit of a hill. It is strongly fortified, being the frontier town of the Low Countries, next to France. They examined my baggage at this place with some strictness, and obliged my servant to open my trunks, but behaved on the whole very civilly. The same evening I entered the city of Brussels, the seat

of government, and the capital of the imperial dominions in the Austrian Netherlands.

Brussels is a pleasing city, both from appearance and for residence. It is situated upon many small hills, so that scarcely any of the streets are level, but this is one cause of their great cleanness. Generally where streets intersect each other on the hills, there is a fountain or conduit of water, which always runs; the shape of these is often whimsical, and sometimes indelicate, being tinged a little with the manners and *grossièreté* of their neighbours, the Dutch. One of them represents a young woman half naked, pressing her hand against one of her breasts, from the nipple of which the stream of water runs; some of them are too indelicate to be described.

Brussels is situated upon the river Senne, which is only navigable for small vessels. One would almost imagine that a French and a Dutch town had taken a journey from their own countries, and met by accident in that spot, for both the language and manners of the people are as different in the upper and lower

towns, as in any two places in France and Holland: in the upper town they speak only French, and are polite and obliging; in the lower, they talk nothing but Flemish or low Dutch, and are as rude and unpolished in their manners as if they had received their education in Holland.

I mentioned before, that this city is the capital of the Austrian Netherlands: it is governed by a viceroy from the Emperor, who is, at present, Prince Charles of Lorraine. He is a prince of great affability and goodness, and exceedingly beloved by all ranks of people: his royal highness is not married, but the female part of the honours at his court is done by his sister. His palace is in the highest part of the town, and stands extremely pleasant, overlooking not only the city and river, but the adjacent country. The gardens are not large, but hang on the side of the hill in a very singular manner. He has a small menagerie, and some curious birds and beasts of different kinds. The most extraordinary of the former are some chickens produced between a hen and a rabbit; the keeper of the menagerie showed

me both the sire and the dam, who were kept in separate enclosures next to one another. I know not what to say to the story, but it has employed the pens of the learned to account for it; and it seems so well attested, that if the thing were not almost incredible, there could be very little doubt of it. Still the mixture is certainly one of the most unnatural in the world, one being oviparous, and the other viviparous;—the sire with four legs and hair, the mother two legs and feathers. Yet, with all this, if there is a deception, the prince himself is deceived, for he tells the story as a fact; and as a proof, the chickens, the issue of this strange commerce, are produced, who seem to partake entirely of the nature of their mother from shape, but are covered quite to the claws with a sort of white down, resembling the hair of their imputed sire.

Prince Charles finds time from the business of government for several elegant amusements. He is a good chemist, has a well contrived laboratory, and a cabinet of curiosities extremely well worth seeing, particularly a large

collection of different corals, which are the finest I ever saw.

The Palace is nothing extraordinary, nor is the collection of pictures very capital. In the prince's private apartments are large miniatures of all the imperial family. They are well painted, and I fancy are like, for one of them is a striking resemblance of the beautiful dauphiness, sister to the present Emperor.

Not far from the palace is the Armoury, in which they show many suits of ancient armour, formerly belonging to heroes and great princes. Amongst the rest is the bruised armour of the famous Emperor, Charles V., and the extraordinary shield with which he used to walk in the night,—a dagger sticks out from the centre; but the armour is intolerably heavy, and ought to have been carried by a very strong man. They showed me the remarkable weapons made use of by the students of Louvain many years ago, and some other curiosities which I have now forgotten.

The Cathedral is a very large and noble Gothic structure, adorned on the outside with vast numbers of figures in relief, carved in stone. It is dedicated to St. Gudule, the patron saint of Brussels, and was built so long ago as the year 1047. The steeple is square and extremely high, from the top of which there is a very extensive view over the Low Countries, to Mechlin, Antwerp, and some other considerable cities.

There are several large pictures hung up in this cathedral, to perpetuate an event which they really believe to have happened exactly as represented; and this was, the robbery of the church by some Jews, who, amongst other things, stole the chalice with several consecrated hosts. After the thieves had supped, they amused themselves with stabbing the wafers with knives. At this outrage the mangled sacrament bled plentifully, and one of the pictures represents it, streams of blood issuing from all, but particularly from those that are held up on the knives. Some inspired woman dreamed a remarkable dream, which led to the discovery

of the sacrilege, and the villains were taken, tortured, and burnt. The mutilated wafers were reconducted to the sanctuary, and on a few particular days in the year, are elevated for the people to see and reverence. They were not shown whilst I was at Brussels, or I should have endeavoured to get a sight of them. The story might have done three or four hundred years ago, but in this enlightened age, I am surprised they continue so gross a deception.

In another part of the church is a painting of St. Gudule reading, and the devil puffing her candle out with a pair of bellows. There is likewise an ancient image of the Virgin Mary, extremely brown, which they aver was painted by St. Luke!

A beautiful portrait of Mary Queen of Scots hangs against one of the pillars, done by Rubens.

I found a great difference in the prices of everything at Brussels, to what I had been accustomed to pay at Paris; and I dare say a person may live equally well at the former for one-fourth of the money. I had very hand-

some apartments in a private house, the drawing room of which was probably thirty feet square, with three beds if I had wanted them all, and one for my servant, for which I only paid three guineas a month. A table d'hôte is by no means creditable in Paris, but in Brussels, single men commonly dine at them. The one I used whilst I was there, was "l'Hôtel l'Empereur," where I found an admirable dinner of two courses and a handsome dessert, for which I paid but two skellings (nearly fourteen pence sterling); a bottle of good burgundy was but three skellings more, and ale at half-a-skelling a quart. We were generally eight or nine at dinner, chiefly officers of rank in the imperial army, and two or three young English lords, who were there on their travels or for education.

The fiacres are very elegant; they are superior to the carrosses de remise in Paris, for these have velvet cushions stuffed with down, the outside handsomely painted and varnished, with large front and side glasses. For these you pay but one skelling (or about seven pence) an hour, except during the time the play is

performing, and then they charge double. The private coaches which one hires by the month are not better; indeed, they cannot well be so. The price for them is ten skellings a day, and one to the coachman, which, altogether, is not quite six shillings and sixpence. But really the city is so clean, that in the summer-time there is no great occasion to hire a coach constantly.

Here is an excellent theatre, and an opera performed twice a week. The price is nine skellings a time (five shillings), or fifty-four by the month; the plays are three times a week; the parterre is only two skellings, and the upper boxes, five. Officers never give but half the price which another person does, a privilege granted the military in the imperial dominions, as well as in France.

This city is not large, and though fortified, not strong; the consequence of which has been, that it has changed its master several times. The walks upon the ramparts are very pleasant, but not much frequented by people of con-

dition, who, in the summer months, generally retire into the country. No other trade is carried on in Brussels except the fine lace of that name, of which they export to a very large amount.

There are some private collections of pictures here deserving attention.

Near the cathedral is a convent of English nuns of the Benedictine order, whom I visited often during my stay in Brussels, as I knew something of the family of the lady abbess, who was sister to Sir William Mannock of Essex. They are admitted when very young into the convent, but their rule is to admit none to take the veil till they have passed two years noviciate; whereas, in other convents, a year is the usual term. There were two very handsome girls who were to be professed in the course of a few months, and I was sorry, since it was to be so, that it did not happen whilst I was at Brussels, in order to have been spectator of the melancholy ceremony, for such, in spite of every gloss, I must still think it. To have a just appreciation of all the miseries of a

heart which devours itself, we should, as I have somewhere seen it observed, be in its place. Timid, credulous, abused, intoxicated by a pompous enthusiasm, a girl is deceived for a long time, and God and religion employ her whole thoughts; but often in the transports of zeal, nature awakens in her heart that invincible (and to her) unknown power, and makes her submit to its imperious yoke. She feels that she is made for other purposes than prayer and feeding the midnight lamp. She sighs at finding herself surrounded with insurmountable barriers, and from that hour, adieu repose!

"Yet here for ever, ever must she stay;

Death, only death, can break the lasting chain,
And here, even then, must her cold dust remain.

Eloisa to Abelard.

She too late discovers that the law has deceived her; that the yoke which destroys liberty is not the yoke of God; and that the vows of celibacy she has made are directly repugnant to nature and reason. But to no purpose are her sorrows; they are lost in the silence of the night, and tend to nothing

but to destroy her beauty, and to lead her with precipitate steps to the grave.

"Amid sad twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long sounding isles and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence and a dread repose.

Pope's "Eloisa."

The Town House of Brussels is a large building in which the States of Brabant sit when they are convened: the chamber they assemble in is hung with handsome tapestry. They have here a very fine picture of that great and powerful prince, the Emperor Charles V.

In the highest part of the town is a very handsome conduit, with an inscription, declaring it to have been built by the Earl of Aylesbury, who married and lived in Brussels for many years.

There is a society of religious women here, of a most excellent institution. They are called Beguins, and wear a black habit with a white veil. The only vow they make is that of obedience, for they may quit the society

when they think fit. The district in which they live is walled and moated round, and no man can reside in those limits. They consist of women of small fortunes, who are maintained here in a very comfortable manner, for which they give a certain sum at entrance. They hire a house, or part of one, besides, within the district, and must conform to the rules of the society. They are not restricted from going into the city, but they must return before the gates are shut, which I think is at the close of day. Some of them earn a good deal of money by making lace and other work; but they must not omit being present twice a day at prayers, which are performed in a very elegant and handsome church belonging to them. It is said, there is no instance of a Beguin having behaved unchastely: but were that to be the case, or that any of them were guilty of anything highly criminal, they would be dismissed the society, by which they would forfeit the money they paid at entrance, and be turned adrift into the world to seek a maintenance.

Widows are not precluded from becoming

Beguins, but married women are not admitted. As they take no vow of celibacy, they are free to marry when they please, and consequently to quit the society.

An institution of this kind, or something like it, I think would do admirably well in England, where there are so many young women of fortunes too small to support themselves comfortably.

I stayed nearly a month at Brussels, and then, designing to go to Antwerp, I embarked on the canal in a vessel that had two large cabins, and an awning over head. Drawn by two horses, a league an hour is the general rate of travelling by water, both here and in Holland. We were obliged to get out three or four times to change the vessel, and shift our baggage, on account of the sluices. These canals reach to the river Schaw, which I crossed in a small boat, and found coaches ready on the other side to carry passengers to Antwerp, which is about seven or eight miles distant. This journey by land was one of the most disagreeable I ever undertook,

as the carriage moved along at the same slow rate of three miles an hour over a hard stony pavement, which shook and fatigued me to death, and the more as the heat was intolerable.

The distance from Brussels to Antwerp is only twenty-four miles, and yet we took from eight in the morning to seven in the evening performing it. About that time we arrived at Anvers, as they call it, and I took up my abode at an excellent auberge, called "Au Grand Laboureur," situated in one of the broadest streets in Europe—occasioned, as I was informed, by a canal once running through it, which is now filled up.

There is something extremely melancholy in the appearance of Antwerp. The city looks as if it had once been considerable and well peopled; but at present it really seems as if the plague or pestilence had destroyed the inhabitants, for the streets are deserted, and no fiacres, or hardly any other coaches, are to be seen in them.

The Scheldt (a very fine river, being both broad and deep, and the tides of which rise

eighteen or twenty feet) washes one side of the city, on which are very fine wharves with twenty-eight feet of water alongside them. Notwithstanding this, no sort of traffic is carried on, owing to the rivalship and jealousy of Amsterdam, which has not only engrossed all the trade of Antwerp, but prevented this fine city from carrying on any trade in future: though why the Emperor should permit this is a matter I never could account for.

The inhabitants are a very civil people, but rather shy of strangers.

A small manufactory of lace is carried on here, but of no great consequence. I found it cheaper here, however, than in Brussels or Valenciennes.

Having ordered the master of the auberge to send for a barber to shave me, I was a little surprised to see a fine gentleman enter the room in long ruffles, a bag-wig, and a full dress coat, who in the most respectful manner performed his office, and received his trifling reward. I found this personage was a surgeon, and in general they act in this double capacity;

for a foreigner abroad of that profession does not receive the tithe of what they do in England. There they are all sworn to conceal private disorders, and to discover murders to the State if they come to their knowledge.

The steeple of the Cathedral is reckoned to be the most beautiful in the Low Countries; and the inside of this noble edifice is a rich treat to lovers of paintings, for there are not under any roof in the world so many admirable *morçeaux* of the great Rubens. Amongst innumerable others, is the famous Descent from the Cross, which of itself is well worthy a journey from England to see: the Ascension and Apotheosis of the Virgin, over the principal altar, and Christ judging the World, are admirable pictures by the same great master. But he is remarkable, wherever he can do it, for introducing himself into every picture (under the character of St. George), and his three wives, two of whom were very handsome. He has great boldness of design and also of execution, but seems to have wanted a certain delicacy

in his female figures, for their limbs are always too strong and masculine.

Rubens was a burgomaster of this city, and bore a considerable office besides in the state. The number of his pictures in the world is incredible, and would make one imagine he could hardly have afforded himself a moment's repose. He lies buried in a small chapel in this cathedral, which still bears his name. He has drawn a strong likeness of himself in armour, and his three wives, over the altar. His colouring and expression rank him as one of the most capital painters of the Flemish school.

The convent of the Dominicans is worth seeing, and a very fine church belonging to it.

In the church of Saint André I observed, against one of the pillars, a picture finely painted of the beautiful Queen of Scots, and underneath it a small marble monument with this inscription—

"M.S.
Maria Stuartu Scot. et Gall. Jaco. Mag. Brit. Reg. Mater,
Deo Opt. Max. Sacr.
Nobilis duar. a Britannia matrona,
Monumentum victor spectas.
Quæ ad regis Cathol. tutel. orthodo religio causa,
A patria profuga hic in spe resurrect. quiscunq."
Barbara Mowbray, daughter of Baron Mowbray,
and Eliz. Curle placed this in remembrance.
Hypolitus Curle, posuit.
(The inscription in some places is almost illegible.)
They lived in Antwerp after the death of the Queen
of Scots, their mistress.
(H. Curle was a Jesuit, and brother to one of the ladies.)

The Augustines have here a comfortable retreat with a good garden and pleasure house in it. Their refectory has the story of Joseph painted round it, and is a very handsome elegant room.

The poor Jesuits were not as yet expelled from the imperial dominions, though that misfortune befel them soon after my quitting Antwerp. They had a fine college and a good library here, in which I saw the portrait of the venerable Bede, and one of Rubens, drawn by himself with a pen. There were not many Jesuits in the college, but those I saw had

the manners and airs of gentlemen, which one can very seldom say of friars.

I think it is in the church of the Augustines where the altar-piece is painted by Vandyke, and which cost six hundred florins. The fathers thought the sum large, and entreated that part of it should be returned, but Vandyke chose rather to paint them a crucifix gratis, which they showed me, and for which they had been offered four thousand florins, and had refused that money.

These fathers have in a part of their garden a ridiculous little place built up to resemble purgatory, with the flames, &c., and the souls at the grates, seeming to entreat your assistance in getting out; the whole is too childish and absurd to admire except for the strangeness of the thought.

I was a little surprised to find these holy friars, who had made the vow of poverty, so very ready to receive money. Whenever I gave any to them, they generally looked round to see who observed them, and then conveyed it away into a secret pocket.

The citadel is tolerably strong, and has a broad, good fosse round it. General Plunket, an Irish officer in the Emperor's service, was governor of Antwerp when I was there, and resided in the citadel. He was esteemed one of the best generals in the Imperial army, and, from his civilities to me, I have great reason to rank him as one of the politest.

It was in this city that the famous merchant lived of whom history speaks, but whose name I forget. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the Emperor Charles V., and lent him "a ton of gold" to carry on a war in which that prince was engaged. Some time afterwards the merchant invited the Emperor to dinner, and treated him with all the magnificence and hospitality which extreme riches could procure. The grate of the room in which they dined was of silver, and the fire made of cedar-wood, and into this, at the close of the entertainment, the generous merchant threw the written obligation of the Emperor to repay the money.

I took notice of the extreme neatness of the

blacksmiths' shops here, which are all white-washed. It was a man of this profession who resided in this city whom love transformed into an admirable painter. He was enamoured of a painter's daughter, and asked her in marriage of her father, who declared he would never grant his consent but to one of his own profession, and who was more excellent in it, likewise, than himself. Quentin Metsys, like another Jacob, served an apprenticeship for his wife, and received the reward of his love and perseverance.

I have seen, both at Brussels and at Antwerp, some excellent and very highly finished pictures of his painting. We have in England some few of them: the Two Misers in the royal apartments in Windsor Castle is the production of his pencil.

There is one religious house called the Abbey so elegant that it might pass for a nobleman's palace. It has many pictures by Rubens and other masters of the Flemish school. The most remarkable thing is a chamber which was occupied by the king of France, Louis XIV., when his army was in this neighbourhood.

The floor is burnt half through for a space of two yards square, that being the spot on which the Grand Monarch chose to destroy his letters and papers.

A lover of fine pictures will find ample amusement for the trouble of a journey to Antwerp, for there are several private collections in this place, extremely valuable, the possessors of which are highly obliging, and show them with the utmost readiness and good-nature. There are but few pictures of the Italian school amongst them.

Tapestry is made not only here but at Brussels and Arras. It was first invented in the latter place, and for a long time was called by that name. It is very handsome, but much inferior, both in beauty and price, to that of the Gobelins in Paris. The manner of weaving it is even different: one being worked horizontally, and the picture, or pattern, before the workman; the other, perpendicularly, and the pattern behind, to which the man who

weaves it turns round to have recourse to it continually.

The Bourse* is a neat quadrangle, and was the model from which Sir Thomas Gresham took the Royal Exchange in London. The silence and melancholy desertion which reigns in this building makes one reflect upon the vicissitudes of things in this life, which even wear the most flourishing appearance. I suppose no interdict was ever felt more suddenly or more severely, without utterly razing a place to the ground, than that of the Dutch towards this unfortunate city. A time may arrive, and I think it far from impossible, when Antwerp may again lift up her head. She is conveniently seated for commerce, and it may once more flourish there; yet never to the degree it once did, because she has more rivals.

There is a very large building at one extremity of the town, called Ooster Huys, or

* Burnt down in 1859.

Easterling's House. It is a considerable warehouse, formerly occupied by the company of merchants of the Hanseatic Towns; though since it has served for the barracks of two thousand men. In this place are still preserved a large quantity of musical instruments of a peculiar construction; thirty or forty of the common flute kind, with keys and crooks like hautboys, or bassoons, but very long. The inhabitants say, that it is near two centuries since these instruments were used, and that none in the town know how to play on any one of them, so different are they from what are now made. When commerce flourished here, these instruments used to be played on every day by a band of musicians, who attended the merchants in procession to the 'Change.' They are all contained in one large case, which six men can scarcely lift.

They have no stage amusements in Antwerp, but a set of players come here occasionally to perform; a strong proof of the dullness and want of opulence in the place.

Having seen all the collections, both public and private, of pictures, and everything else in Antwerp worthy a stranger's observation, I hired a large vessel to carry me by water to the famous town of Bergen-op-Zoom, and the tide serving about eight in the morning, I embarked at that hour, on the river Scheldt. The city of Antwerp cuts a beautiful appearance from the water, with its turrets, spires, and the fine Gothic cathedral. In an hour's time we got to Vliet, which is the last town in the Imperial dominions. There we stopped a few minutes at a little fortress, to be examined, and then proceeded down the river to Lillo, a small fortification belonging to the Dutch, which we reached about nine o'clock. Here an officer of the customs came on board, and slightly examined my baggage, for which he had a piece of money, and we continued our passage till the failure of the ebb tide, and no wind, made it necessary that we should anchor during the flood.

No ships or vessels, but Dutch, are allowed to navigate up the Scheldt. The channel is

extremely intricate as one approaches Bergen-op-Zoom. The master of the vessel I had hired, seemed, however, very well acquainted with it, and we got there without any accident about three o'clock, paying the skipper three crowns for his sloop, though I understood afterwards the price for a whole day was no more than one crown; but he was a Dutchman, and then the imposition ceased to be a wonder.

At my entering the gates of this very strong city, I was stopped by the guard, and examined —where I came from, my name, rank, &c.; after which I was escorted by a sentinel, with a musket and fixed bayonet, to the main guard, where I answered the same string of interrogatories, and was then left to pursue my route where I thought proper. The auberge recommended to me was "la Cour d'Hollande," and I found it a tolerable house.

Lord Haddo, son to the Earl of Aberdeen, with whom I became acquainted at Brussels, had obligingly given me a letter of introduction to the commandant of the troops, Colonel Douglas, which, together with my own rank in

the King of England's service, procured me a very civil reception, and great attention for the short time I stayed in that place, as likewise the very great favour of being permitted to visit all the mines and subterranean works (a very extraordinary mark of civility, as few but princes and men of great quality are allowed this favour), which extend to a great distance, and make the town wonderfully strong.

Colonel Douglas, besides being so polite as to carry me through the mines, showed me the place where the French broke ground, when Cronstrom commanded in the town, and their parallels in approaching it. I traced the whole of their works to the breach in the bastion of la Pucelle, and the opposite one. I saw the sally-port by which they entered, and numbers of their cannon-shot still sticking in the houses of the inhabitants, which they reserve as mementoes of the siege, of their danger, and of their hatred to the French.

The town is clean, and the fortifications are much smaller than I expected. The environs can most of them be laid under water by sluices, and it is said to be the strongest place in the

possession of the Dutch. Neither of the two breaches were practicable; and they make no scruple now of confessing that it was lost by connivance of the Prince of Orange, to make the States more disposed to consent that the Stadtholdership should be hereditary for the future in his family: a question which at that time was in agitation, but opposed; and which was settled to his wishes soon after the taking of this important key to Holland.

The French entered the sally-port, which had been left open, with their bayonets fixed. They stabbed most of the guard in their sleep, and massacred numbers of other men, for which there was no necessity. The hatred of the inhabitants is on this account. The distance at which they first opened their trenches was one thousand toises.

Colonel Douglas was pleased to show me all the garrison under arms. It consisted of eighteen hundred men; but I could neither commend their appearance nor their manœuvres without doing a violence to truth. The French and Imperial troops whom I had so lately seen

formed a contrast not very advantageous to the garrison of Bergen-op-Zoom.

A regiment in the Dutch service is not so advantageous as an English one. It consists of two battalions generally, and every captain has the clothing of his company, which makes their incomes nearly one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and the colonel's but about four hundred pounds.

I paid my compliments to a poor miserable old man of ninety-one, who was the governor. His son lived with him, and, I believe, had been a major, but was superseded from age and infirmities. Cronstrom, who lost the place before, was, I think, a very old man too—the true Dutch policy.

Intending to make the tour of Holland, I set out from hence for Williamstadt, having hired the best vehicle the place afforded. I know not what to call it; the Dutch name is a waggon, but it was most like a coach made entirely of wood, and without any lining. The art of man could have contrived nothing more incommodi-

ous or uneasy; and though I sat as upright as possible, yet my arms, back, and shoulders bore strong testimony to the blows I received from the jolting of the carriage. I never rejoiced more than when the "waggon" stopped at Williamstadt.

This little place was made of some consequence in the war before last by the landing of our troops and horses designed for Flanders. It is an inconsiderable town, with a small redoubt of cannon at the lower part of it, next the river.

I pursued my route towards Rotterdam, and crossed a very wide water, near three miles broad, in a small boat, for which they charged me two florins, though the price to a Dutchman would have been but one-fourth of that sum. On landing, I hired another "waggon," very like the other for ease and convenience. The driver, who seemed much more a brute than his horses, contrived to quarrel with my servant before I had gone two miles; and I expected to have been compelled to pass the night on that spot; for the rascal got down, drew his knife, and was

in a most furious passion, though the cause of it I could neither learn nor conceive, as I understood not a syllable of the *musical* language he uttered.

My servant, who was a quiet fellow, protested he knew not the cause of offence he had given, unless it was by making motions two or three times to him to go faster. I appeased the business, however, at last, and the surly Phaëton again assumed the reins, darting looks of the most fell revenge at my man; and happy it was for him that the other could not command the "dunder and blexum" (thunder and lightning) he bellowed out incessantly.

The clouds now grew very black, the wind blew hard, and the sky poured down torrents of rain; it was already dark, and I found my situation rather unpleasant. I was a total stranger not only to the road, but even to the distance I had still to go before reaching Rotterdam; nor could I inquire of my surly charioteer, as we neither of us understood one another. In a country so eternally intersected with dykes, I thought it far from impossible that, through the darkness, the fellow might mistake the road and

drive down the steep into the water. The fate of one of the Princes of Orange came into my thoughts, who was actually drowned in his coach crossing in a ferry boat the very same river I had just come over from Williamstadt; in short, I found a strong repugnance to dying in Holland at all, and particularly in a Dutch dyke.

I was in the midst of these cogitations when the waggon stopped, and Surly alighted, coming to the coach-door, and making me a speech, of which I understood not a word. My servant, however, informed me that he believed we were come to a ferry, as he saw a river before him. He was right in his conjecture; and I imagined, from the fierceness of the wind against us, that the speech of the coachman was to tell me the impossibility of getting across that night.

I had no alternative but to spend the hours till morning in the little ferry-house, which I had no sooner entered than I thought I should have expired with laughter, at the never-to-be-forgotten figure which stood before me. This was a little, short, thin form of a woman, about

four feet and a quarter high, and perhaps fifty years old, dressed in a short sacque and hoop, with a head-dress not to be described, but more truly grotesque than Folly herself could have invented. She addressed me at my coming in, in a long speech, of which I could not comprehend a syllable, and bobbing down a courtesy at every three words she spoke. I could make no other answer than a roar of laughter, which it was impossible not to repeat as often as I cast my eyes upon her. My man caught the infection too, as he brought my trunks in, and I was almost afraid we should have affronted the old lady with our risibility; but far from it, she added her smiles to the entertainment, making another Dutch speech, and dropping courtesies without number.

This little old body, with her hoop, put me into so good a humour, that I felt no more concern at being obliged to stay there, or at the delay.

She was an admirable figure for one of the fairies of Marmontel, and I began to entertain hopes that the hovel of a ferry-house might rise into a magnificent, glittering palace, and that the lady-in-the-lobster (my hostess) would

change into youth, beauty, and form, which would have been a more extraordinary transformation than the other.

It is said of love, by way of excellence, that there is no occasion for words to express it; I believe the same thing may be said of most passions and most wants. I found no difficulty, without words, to make the little old fairy understand that I desired something to eat and a bed to sleep in. She not only understood my wants, but supplied them. Hung beef and bread and butter satisfied the first, and I was almost tempted to believe her really a fairy, when she showed me a clean and excellent bed, which seemed to have come there by enchantment.

The morning was too tempestuous to proceed, nor had the wind sufficiently subsided, even by the evening, to cross the river with the carriage, without danger of oversetting the boat. In short, I continued in the same quarters all that day and night, dining very comfortably upon eggs and potatoes, which was all the place afforded, and laughing more than I ever did in the same space of time.

My good humour extended itself even to Surly, whose reckoning I paid for him all the time he staid here, giving a large measure of ale to him and my man, that they might drink themselves friends;—and well did the villain afterwards repay my goodness to him.

Early the morning following I pursued my journey, parting very cordially with the little old woman in the hoop, who dropped me as many courtesies, and as fast, as when we met. Her figure, her manner, and her *tout ensemble*, was too rich a treat ever to forget. She will live in my memory whilst that lasts; and, whenever I want to laugh, I need only recollect the hostess of the ferry-house, with her headdress and her hoop.

Holland is the most unpleasant country I ever travelled in. It is low, flat, little or no corn, and great appearance of sterility. I do not pronounce for all the provinces, but speak only of those parts I travelled through. The manners of the people, too, were clownish even to brutality; they were not only rude, but cheated me likewise, in the grossest manner,

upon all occasions. If this is the effect of what they call liberty, may I never live where so sweet a flower brings forth such hateful and offensive fruit.

About noon we arrived at the side of a broad navigable river, on the opposite shore of which was the rich mercantile city of Rotterdam.

A large boat being hired, and my trunks put into it, nothing remained now, but to dismiss the waggon. Accordingly, I put seven florins and a half into Surly's hands, besides a gratuity for himself, being the price from a printed paper where I hired the carriage, that I was to pay for it.

An opportunity for an imposition now presented itself, too fair to be missed, and Surly was too much of a Dutchman to omit it. He accordingly refused the money, making a long and loud speech in his own musical language, which I told him in English I did not understand one word of.

Whilst we were each debating the point, to be, or not to be cheated, a Dutch gentleman came up, and inquired of me in English what the matter was, which, after I had related, he

talked to the driver, and then informed me he demanded nineteen florins and five stivers, instead of the seven and a half I offered him.

I refused paying so infamous an imposition, and the Dutch gentleman assured me he thought it such. I asked for a magistrate, but there was none on that side the water. He therefore advised me to go to the commissary, whose business it was to settle things of this kind, and whose house was near at hand. We went there accordingly, but the commissary was not to be seen, and I have been since told it was probable he was absent by collusion, in order to share the spoils with the honest coachman.

Though the commissary was gone out, he had not taken with him the printed paper of regulations and fees to be demanded for different stages, and their distance. I ran my eye eagerly over this account, and found the very thing I was in search after, and the price mentioned from Rotterdam to the village where I hired the chaise. It was exactly seven florins and a half, as I had offered him. I now exulted at finding myself justified, and thought I had nothing more to do than to pay the money

and embark. Not at all. Surly, finding his friend the commissary absent, refused to abide by the printed rule, and he brought himself off by saying, that seven florins and a half might be the price of a waggon from Rotterdam to the village, but from the village to Rotterdam was quite another thing, and he insisted on having the nineteen florins, five stivers, he first demanded.

The merchant seemed to be sorry for his countryman's behaviour, but concluded with advising me to pay the sum demanded, as otherwise I might be detained all the day. He added that the merchant I was recommended to at Rotterdam, might possibly, upon a representation and hearing of the affair, procure the money to be returned. I was amazed at this advice, and felt no little indignation towards the man, who could tamely suffer a stranger to be so basely cheated. I reflected, however, that my anger was of no use, and that I should only add to the robbery the loss of my time. I therefore paid the money, telling the merchant I thought regulations which could be evaded in that manner, and only with the

penalty of refunding the money, reflected the greatest dishonour upon the country, and upon the laws of it. I then stepped into the boat, and in half-an-hour was landed at Rotterdam, near an excellent auberge, called the "Marshal Turenne," where I took up my quarters.

This city takes its name from a small river called Rotte, on the north side. It is a clean and handsome town, with fine canals and rows of trees by the sides of them, almost in every street, so that ships of three hundred tons load and unload before the houses of the merchants. There are no hackney coaches; but whether that is owing to a sumptuary law, or to prevent shaking the piles whereon the city is built, I know not. The great Erasmus was born here, and they pretend to point out the very house in which he was born. His statue, in bronze, stands not far from it, and is reckoned a very fine one. He is dressed in a gown and a cap, with a book in his hand, in the attitude of turning over a leaf.

The view is very uncommon from the steeple of the great church, St. Lawrence. I never

saw so many cities and villages in so small a space, and it is pretty certain that the United Provinces are more full of inhabitants than any other district of the same size, excluding such great capital cities as London, Paris, &c. The country is one continued flat, and appears, from the vast lakes and dykes, as if the sea, in many places, had broken its dams. I was shown from this height, the Hague, Dort, Delft, and several other towns of less consequence.

This church contains several monuments, amongst which are two of fine marble, of Van Tromp and Admiral Brackel, both of whom, if I mistake not, were killed in battle; and numberless hatchments round the walls, of black velvet, with different arms emblazoned on them, and surrounded with broad heavy frames.

The Exchange, which is a quadrangle, built of free-stone, is by much the handsomest building in the town.

Treckt-schuyts, or passage vessels, go continually on the canals, between one place and another, and are regulated by the magistrates, both as to times of going and price, so that a stranger cannot very well be imposed on; and

yet, in the article of baggage, which is not regulated, it is necessary he should agree for the carriage of it beforehand.

These treckt-schuyts vary as to size, but are generally from thirty to forty feet long. They are drawn by one horse, and travel exactly at the rate of three miles an hour. This pace is so certain and so regular, that they mention distances by it; for instance, ask how far it is from Rotterdam to Delft? they never answer six miles, but two hours.[111]

These vessels are divided into one large cabin below, for common people, and a small one of about six feet square near the stern, which may be hired for the trifling sum of sixteen stivers, or about eight-pence sterling. I was so lucky, in my tour, as to be able generally to get this convenient little cabin, which is called the rouf, and has a window on each side; and, as I carried my writing-box with me, I generally scribbled or read during the passage.

The line they tow with is particularly small and light, and comes to the top of a spar, erected near the prow, about six or seven feet high.

One of these treckt-schuyts sets out from Rotterdam for Delft every hour, for which purpose a bell is rung for five minutes. After that ceases, for the least delay a very heavy penalty is imposed; but they are so punctual, I believe, that it is seldom incurred.

Two hours along a pleasant canal brought me to Delft, one of the cleanest and prettiest towns I ever was in. It is one of the most ancient in Holland; mention being made of it in the year 1092. It is walled round, and has seven gates, but is a place of no strength. It has fallen greatly to decay within a few years, and some of the inhabitants told me that our English earthenware had ruined their trade. What they made there was called after the name of the town, but they have at present very little demand for it. I saw a few heaps of the mixture left to mellow. They told me it was composed of four different kinds of earth, one of which only is found upon the spot.

There is an ancient palace here belonging to the House of Orange, in which, at the bottom of the staircase, they show the place where

that great man William, the first Prince of Orange, stood, when a miscreant concealed Jesuit, at the instigation of Philip II., King of Spain, shot him through the body with a wind-gun; and they showed me two holes in the wall, which the bullets made after passing through him. This great and magnanimous prince was buried in the old church in this place, and a very noble, well-executed monument has been erected to his memory, within a few years past. He is represented there, in armour, sitting on a sort of throne, which is ascended by five steps, and surrounded by the cardinal virtues. Nothing is more striking in this monument than the figure of Fame blowing her trumpet, which is most admirably cast in brass, and weighs 3,300 pounds. The attitude is much admired; she is represented as standing on one leg, and supporting herself on the point of the foot.

Behind this bronze statue the prince is again represented in marble, lying at length on his tomb, and a dog at his feet, which died of grief at the loss of his master.

There are some other monuments in this

church worthy of attention, particularly one of Van Tromp, by Van Haaren; and a curious one of the wife of General Morgan, which, though one hundred and sixty years old, is in high preservation. The steeple of this church is the finest in the Low Countries, and the chimes are particularly harmonious. This town gave birth to that great civilian, Hugo Grotius.

The Hague is no more than three miles, or one hour, from Delft. I took up my quarters at "le Lion d'Or," very near the palace of the Stadtholder.

Not being walled, it is called only a village, but it is one of the cleanest, prettiest places in Europe. The streets are broad, and there are vast numbers of fine houses. It is the winter residence of the Prince of Orange and his court; and here also the states-general assemble to deliberate upon the affairs of government. Each member of the states-general has a house provided here at the expense of the province by which he is sent.

This country and its government are too per-

fectly known to need description, notwithstanding which I mention matters as they occur. The heptarchy, of which the Seven Provinces is composed, has no central power; each province is supreme, and there must be an unanimity of suffrages to make a law. Holland, though of twenty times the consequence of Overyssel, has not more votes, notwithstanding the difference one and the other province pays to the public expenses. Neither has Amsterdam more weight or consequence by its suffrage than that of the most petty town. These things are perpetual causes of discord; and they have found innumerable times the disadvantages arising from their form of government. Louis XIV. had overrun and taken half their country whilst the states-general were divided, and quarrelling with each other, and without coming to any determination, though the enemy was at their gates.

The Stadtholder has no vote or authority in the assembly of the states-general. He is generalissimo of their armies, and arbitrator in all religious disputes, which gives him a considerable influence, as he may blend affairs of state

and religion together. He is likewise to determine upon complaints of breaches in the treaty of union; and the power he has of putting an end to discord makes it easy for him to foment it; thereby increasing his own weight, and opening a vast field to his ambition.

I paid a visit immediately on my arrival to Sir Joseph Yorke, the English ambassador, who returned it the same day; and, during the time of my stay at the Hague, was so good as to show me great attention, treating me with the politeness which marks his character. He would have presented me to the Stadtholder; but unluckily his serene highness was gone to pass the hot weather at a palace a good distance from the Hague; so that I missed an honour I much regretted, as the prince speaks English very well, and is said to be particularly affable and gracious to his mother's countrymen.

When that princess was on her death-bed, she enjoined her son to consult Sir Joseph Yorke in any difficulty, and to follow his advice as he would that of a father, and she begged they might usually converse together in English.

How far the prince complies with this injunction I know not; but the ambassador is in great favour with him; and indeed his influence at the Hague is pretty generally known, he having resided as minister from the court of England upwards of twenty years.

The chamber in which the States assemble is a plain room, round which the pictures of all the Princes of Orange are placed. It is said that some ambassador (I think it was the Danish), several years ago, expressed a kind of contempt at the place, when it was shown him. "And yet," answered the person who brought him there, "it was in that chamber, poor as you think it, that the debate took place, whether your master should be a king or not." The representative of royalty hung down his head, and was silent.

Near it is the chamber where ambassadors are received, in which is a fine picture of our King William III.: the carpet under his feet is extremely well executed.

The chamber of private conference is under the same roof. There are twelve small pieces round it, painted by Hans Holbein, for which

the great Lord Bolingbroke offered ten thousand pounds, but in vain.

The Prince of Orange's cabinet of curiosities is worth seeing. A small price is paid for admission; and they are disposed in three different rooms. They consist of insects, minerals, birds, shells, butterflies, and fossils. Amongst the latter is a topaz, which weighs twelve pounds. There are two very large ventle traps amongst the shells, worth, as the keeper told me, one a thousand florins, and the other, five hundred. The birds are many of them curious, and well disposed in glass cases. I never saw a pelican till then; it is a large bird, not very unlike a stork, but has a stronger yellow bill, to the lower part of which hangs a yellow skin, which would contain a quart of water.

I passed under the arch of the building where De Witt was imprisoned, and saw close by it the spot where De Witt and his brother, those great statesmen and unfortunate patriots, were torn to pieces by the vile rabble. These two opposed the elevation of the Prince of Orange to the Stadtholdership. One of them was Grand Pensionary of Holland. He went in

his coach to the prison to release his brother, and they came out from thence hand in hand. A furious mob, in the interest of the Prince of Orange, assaulted them before they had got ten yards from the prison, and massacred them both. There is no part of Europe where the mobs are more terrible than in Holland.

There is another palace at the Hague belonging to the Stadtholder, but which he does not inhabit, where are many very fine pictures, particularly a Holy Family by Titian, Jephthah's Daughter by Coypel (admirable), Abraham and Isaac by Leonardo da Vinci; and, above all, a large and most inimitable cattle piece, painted by Potter in 1642, which I believe to be the finest picture of the kind in the world. The flies on the cattle seem alive; and there is a toad in the grass so natural, one expects at the first *coup-d'œil* to see it spring.

Storks walk about the streets here tame; the vulgar notion being that these birds are so fond of liberty they will live only in a republic. Their fixing in Holland is at least a mark of

their sagacity, as they are by a law sacred from molestation, and find fish and frogs in plenty.

Besides the beauty of the town there are some pleasant spots outside of it. It is uncommon to see a large wood close to so considerable a place. There are but two in Holland,* and this is much the more extensive; it reaches from the town to the sea-side, and there are many roads and walks cut through it for convenience as well as pleasure. The vicinity of it to the town might make it too much the scene of gallantries; but a discovery is punished with the utmost rigour. It gives name to a small palace of the Prince of Orange, called the House in the Wood, which is about two miles and a half from the Hague. The saloon is by far the finest part of the building; it is lofty and well proportioned, and has very large paintings around it by different hands. Amongst other pictures is a very fine piece of the Cyclops forging armour, by Rubens. On either side the saloon are the apartments of the Prince and Princess of

* The other wood is a small one, very near Harlem.

Orange, consisting each of a suite of three rooms, bed-chamber, dressing-room, and closet. The doors are painted with whole-length figures; and the Japan closet in the Princess's apartments is composed entirely of fine japan. Here are some pictures painted by the Princess Ann, daughter of George I., which are not despicable; but there is one very remarkable piece, over the chimney, in a small drawing-room. It represents his majesty and his brothers and sisters when children; the King is in a Scotch dress, with a plaid sash, and St. Andrew's cross on his bonnet. Considering all that has been said, I am surprised this picture is suffered to remain exhibited to public view.

The gardens of the palace are poor and miserable; the walks are of loose sand, and the whole is surrounded by a stagnant green moat, offensive to the smell.

The English ambassador has a small pleasure house in this wood; and Count Bentinck a pleasant villa not far from it, the gardens of which are extensive and really pretty for Holland. His flowers and orangery are fine. In one of the temples, upon a private cock being turned,

a Dutch piece of wit is played off, and the company are wetted all over.

The walk from the Hague to the little village of Schevelling, by the sea-side, is extremely pleasant in warm weather. The distance is not above two miles along a fine shady road. The village church is remarkably neat, and, though formerly it was the furthest from the sea, it is now the nearest building to it:—an inundation, which did considerable mischief, was the occasion of this, and it destroyed most of the houses, drowning many of the inhabitants. Here is a chain of remarkable sand-hills, made to keep the sea from encroaching upon this part of the coast. They show in the churchyard the jaw of a whale of astonishing size.

I pursued my route towards Leyden, as before, in a treckt-schuyt, along an exceedingly pleasant canal, which was not straight like the others, but serpentine; and the banks were adorned with great numbers of gardens and summer-houses. The distance is ten miles,

but the scene was so pretty they seemed extremely short.

In little more than three hours I entered the clean, pretty town of Leyden, which they reckon the second city in Holland. It is fortified with a wall, ramparts, and wet ditch, and, in the year 1574, stood a very memorable siege of six months from the Spaniards, in which the inhabitants suffered all the miseries of famine. The women on this memorable occasion acted a very heroic part, encouraging the soldiers to defend the city valiantly, and assisting in carrying ammunition to different parts of the works, and in other labours.

Out of gratitude, and to commemorate their noble behaviour, there is a law which renders the house of a woman in Leyden a sacred asylum from arrests during the month she lies in; and, to make known to the officers of justice those houses which have a claim to this immunity, a red cross is fixed on the door. The old Rhine runs through this town, and loses itself in a neighbouring village.

The University is the most ancient and

famous of any of the five in Holland, but of late years it has declined considerably. When I was there it contained but four hundred students, whereas formerly there was more than a thousand. They all lodge in the town, and the professors read lectures in the academy.

The Physic Garden has been esteemed the finest in Europe, but it seems not well taken care of; and I believe the King's botanical garden at Kew (which was the Princess of Wales') is superior to this at Leyden. I saw here the green and Bohea tea shrubs, the leaves of which are different, and the coffee tree; two fine aloes were in blossom, one of which had run up forty feet high in a very short time; there was a palm tree too, but it looked unhealthy. There is a building on one side in which is a curious collection of ancient marbles, the gift of a burgomaster. Amongst these are three sarcophagi, a very fine small figure of Hercules, a Bacchus, and a statue of Augustus Cæsar (mutilated).

The School of Natural Philosophy is next to

the physic garden, in which lectures are given three times a week. Here are several curiosities, particularly what they call the toad-fish, which, after being a toad for some time, changes into a fish. I could not have believed the fact but for the demonstration before me. This creature was caught and killed before the transformation was completed. In the state I saw it, the head and fore parts were that of a toad, and the tail of a fish. There was likewise a curious oriental bird, bigger than a goose, and black, with a large horny substance growing like an inverted bill on the other.

They showed me, too, the true asbestos stone, and a piece of linen made of it, which, as well as some of the paper, is not consumable by fire. This stone came from Transylvania, and the man who showed it cut me off a bit of the linen without my asking for it.

The public Library is not worth mentioning but for an original picture of Erasmus, by Holbein.

The Anatomical School joins to it, and has

some curiosities, *i.e.*, several lachrymals and Roman antiques, a very large urna feralis of red potter's earth, very like our earthen vessels; a sepulchral Roman lamp with four spouts, several Egyptian mummies, the teeth of which were as perfect as when they died.

The Stadthouse is a fine Gothic building in the high street, which has nothing but some pictures worth mentioning.

There is a painting by the famous Lucas Van Leyden, of the Day of Judgement, in which are many female figures driven by devils into hell—no great compliment on the part of the painter it must be allowed, to the sex; but I suppose some of them, like Michael Angelo's cardinal, had offended him, and, like that great man, he thus took his revenge with his pencil.

I think it is Montesquieu who observes, that we seem to be well acquainted with the torments of hell, but have no idea of perfect happiness.

Here is one picture of Scipio and his Captive, but ill done, and another very large one representing the people of this city,

after the siege was raised by the Spaniards, devouring their long wished-for food. But much the best picture I saw in the town, was in the chamber of justice, over the judge's seat. Brutus is represented on his tribunal, as having just sentenced his two sons to death, for breaking the laws, in conspiring to restore monarchy again by bringing back the Tarquins. He is surrounded by the Roman axes and fasces, carried by the lictors. On the ground is the headless trunk of one of his sons, bleeding; the other kneels blindfold, waiting his fate: the executioner has the axe uplifted, and appears in the act of striking off his head, which the stern father beholds with a steadfastness truly Roman, I may add, brutal. It was painted by D. Moor in 1686, and has under it the following inscription in gold letters :—

"Cum Brutus patrios tibi, Roma sacravit amores,
Hoc patriæ verum se probat esse patrem:
Magnanimum excelsis æquat quem gloria cœlis,
Quam bene natorum debuit esse Pater!
Romanum est quodcunque vides sic ampla Romæ,
Judicium celebret candida Leyda suum."

The celebrated physician, Boerhaave, lies

buried in the great church here. The inscription says "He was born in 1668, and died in 1738." A medallion of marble appears above, of his head, and below, an urn,—

"Sigillum veri simplex."
(On the pedestal)
"Salutifero
Boerhaavii
Genio
Sacrum."

I took passage again in a treckt-schuyt for Harlem, but the way was not near so pleasant as from the Hague to Leyden; we were four hours in the boat, and consequently the distance is twelve miles. We passed the house that Boerhaave lived in, on the left—but few others; and the country seemed low and barren. I had a sight of Harlem-meer in going, a famous lake or little sea, of many miles in length and breadth, occasioned by the dreadful accident of the sea breaking down the dams, and overwhelming vast numbers of towns and villages. It happened in 1676, and the damage done was incredible, amazing quantities of cattle being destroyed, and many hundred people

drowned. The dams are now well secured, but the land will never be recovered.

Harlem is famous for the largest and finest organ in the world; it has eight thousand pipes, seventy-two stops, and twelve pairs of bellows. The *vox humana* is really wonderful; it is so like the human voice, I should have been certain, if I had been brought blindfold into the church, that a full choir of voices were singing. All the tones of this fine instrument are capital. So much was I pleased with it, that I should have thought the journey from London, on purpose to hear it, not ill bestowed.

As the church was opened on purpose for me, I gave the organist his usual fee upon that occasion, which is a gold ducat (nine shillings), and half-a-crown to the organ-blower.

In this church they have hung up the models of three ships, to commemorate the valour of the citizens in rescuing the Earl of Flanders at Damietta. There is a beautiful and elegant monument under the organ, representing Religion, Music, and Poetry, the drapery of which is admirable, as is the cornucopia of fruit.

This place gave birth to Lawrence Costar, who invented the art of printing, and who was an alderman of Harlem; they show his first essays in this most useful art, which were by printing on one side only, and then sticking the blank sides together with paste.

Harlem affording nothing else worth seeing*, I took passage again in a treckt-schuyt for Amsterdam, which I reached in two hours and a half. In my way, I landed to look at the spot where the sea had broken in, and made such destruction†; it is now pretty firmly secured, but it is tremendous to all who live in the low lands to know that the sea is so much above the level, and that it is in the power of worms, storms, or other causes, to destroy the dams, and to overwhelm the whole face of the country in an instant.

Amsterdam, the capital of Holland, is a large well-peopled city, which has increased in a very short time, by means of trade, most surpris-

* It may be worth remarking that the water at Harlem is peculiarly excellent in whitening and bleaching of linen.

† It is called Harlem Breach, and is seemingly not above a hundred yards long.

ingly; it is built on piles, and stands on the conflux of the rivers Amstel and Wye. It is by no means a pretty town, having, in general, narrow streets, and the people with busy faces of commerce. It is governed by burgomasters, and is so independent and so jealous of its liberties, that when the Prince of Orange goes there, he is obliged to leave his guards without the walls, as they never admit troops into the city, which is always guarded by the burghers.

All carriages, such as coaches, carts, &c., go upon sledges, except a very few of the former, and for the indulgence of having wheels a high duty is paid for them. There is no entering the town by land, on any account, after ten o'clock; and at sunset they ring a bell to give notice, and soon afterwards draw a boom across, which shuts out all access to the town, for that night, by water.

The famous building called the Stadt-house stands in a low confined spot near the water, and close in its front is a small mean house, called the Weigh-house, which they make some use of for customs; but I think it is a pity

they do not pull it down, to open a building which has cost such immense sums of money as the Stadt-house; for, in the *Harleian Miscellany*, I remember it is stated that the expense of building it was as much as our St. Paul's in London, and that noble palace of the King of Spain called the Escurial, put together.

They certainly were at an amazing expense before they could make a foundation, no less than eleven thousand choice piles of heart of oak being driven to procure one. The building is square and plain, and the entrance is by seven doors, *i.e.*, one for each province. The Citizens' Hall, as it is called, on entering, is paved and lined with marble; it is one hundred and twenty-seven feet long, fifty-seven broad, and ninety high. The roof is vaulted, and the sculpture round extremely good: but its great fault is being too dark; and, indeed, the windows of the Stadt-house are the only mean part of it.

It is divided into various different apartments, and all the tribunals and public offices of the city are in it; the hall in which they try criminals is below, and remarkably small.

In some of the upper rooms are several valuable pictures, particularly a very large piece by Vandyke, of a feast given by the burgomasters to the Spanish ambassadors, in which, amongst many other fine heads, that of an old grey-headed man was so much admired that seven thousand guilders were offered for leave to cut it out. It is needless to say the money was refused, as the head is still there, and it is indeed admirably painted.

Other parts of the building are ornamented with grey painting, to imitate bas-relief, which has a very good effect.

I was present at the ceremony of several weddings at the Stadt-house; for there, I believe, they are usually married. Some of the couples came in coaches upon sledges, and the horses were adorned with white ribbons. The ceremony was before two counsel, and only consisted of accepting each other publicly, and writing their names in the register; after which they make an offering for the use of the poor, and the business is concluded.

The burghers alone mount guard, and their guard-room is in one corner of the Stadt-house.

I never beheld anything half so ridiculous as these men under arms; they were of all sizes, and their clothes of all colours.

Here is a theatre, which is under the control of the magistrates, who pay the actors, and the surplus goes to a fund for the poor. They have a Rasp-house for the idle and dissolute, in which they are kept to hard labour rasping logwood. The Spin-house is for lewd women, who have committed some misdemeanour deserving confinement; for, in respect of their profession, it is connived at, under proper restrictions, and on the payment of a certain tax for the use of the public. These women are met with at the musico, or licensed brothel, where everybody pays a guilder for admission. The room is illuminated, and has a band of music at one end, where the ladies and the clumsy Dutch sailors, &c., dance minuets and jigs most of the night. The figures are truly grotesque, some of them dancing with pipes in their mouths. They continue the minuet till somebody claps their hands and takes their place, still going on with the dance, without beginning again, as with

us. I was present at one of these scenes, which was quite novel to me. The women were clean, and some of them really well dressed; and the whole was conducted with great decency and appearance of decorum.

They have what they call a Gast-house for the sick, but I did not see it; nor could I get permission to see their dock-yard, unless I had written to the magistrates; which the shortness of my stay, joined to its being hardly worth the application, prevented me from doing; but their naval force is very inconsiderable at present.

I crossed the river, however, and visited the merchants' dock-yards at Sardam, in North Holland. It is an exceedingly neat place, unlike any I was ever in, as each house is on a separate little island, and has a bridge of communication. The number of mills in the vicinity of Sardam and the neighbourhood of Amsterdam almost exceeds belief; they assured me there were upwards of two thousand, and I dare say there cannot be fewer. I went into several, and was highly pleased with the contrivances, particularly a saw mill, which cut

forty boards at one time; a paper mill; a double mill for pressing linseed oil, the process of which was uncommonly curious; a mill for husking and making pearl barley, &c. Each of the little houses on the islands had a neat garden and a parterre, the walks of which were of sea sand, with coloured stones and glass interspersed amongst the flowers.

There is an ill-painted picture in the church to commemorate a remarkable accident which happened to a woman with child, who was tossed and gored by a bull: on her falling to the ground she was instantly delivered of a child. Her husband, in coming to her assistance, was tossed and gored likewise; yet all three survived and did well.

It was in this village that the Czar Peter worked, to learn the art of ship-building: they pointed out to me the house he resided in during his stay there.

The women's head-dress, at Sardam, was uncommon, and has not varied for some centuries. The hair is cut very short on the forehead, and powdered; their cap sticks very close to

the head; under the ears are two small pieces of gold or silver which come to the temples, and a large broad plate of silver goes under the gauze or cambric at the hinder part of the head.

There were likewise a mill for pressing oil from turnip seed, and one for chopping tobacco, besides many others which I do not recollect at present.

I went over with a party, and we merely dined at Sardam, but our bill was full as dear as it would have been at Almack's or Stapleton's; I found the charge equally exorbitant when I left Amsterdam. The Dutch always treat strangers in that manner.

The merchants upon 'Change cut a very shabby appearance to what ours do in London. The watchmen who guard the streets always walk two together.

There is a physic-garden belonging to the Portuguese Jews, and one likewise to the Ger-

man Jews, who have each a synagogue in Amsterdam, for all religions are tolerated here.

I made a very pleasing excursion to the village of Brook, in Waterland, North Holland, which is one of the most beautiful and picturesque that can be conceived. We crossed the river Wye in a large sailing boat, and proceeded afterwards in a treckt-schuyt up a canal five or six miles. At the entrance of the village is a large piece of clear water, in the middle of which appeared an island, whereon cattle were feeding. A great number of the neat little gardens belonging to the inhabitants are terminated by this water, and they are kept in the most exact order, with the walks of white shells pounded or sea sand, with flowers and flowering shrubs on each side. The interior part of the village was equally neat; the way paved with yellow bricks, and so clean that the footway was almost as free from dirt as a lady's drawing-room. Report says, that the people are so uncommonly nice, that if any one should chance to spit on the ground, a woman comes out directly with a

mop to clean it. The houses are in general of wood, but all prettily painted. I observed they had all a door besides the one they went in and out at, and inquired the reason of this: they told me it had been a custom from time immemorial in North Holland, to have a spare door, which is never opened but when one of the family is married or buried, and then they pass through it. I could get no light into the occasion or origin of this strange custom, but they have many others in North Holland quite peculiar to themselves.

There is a tolerable monument of De Ruyter, the admiral, in the new church, on which his great actions and services to the state are mentioned. The stained glass in this church is very fine, and the perspective well preserved. The sounding-board of the pulpit is a curiosity; it is the largest, I suppose, in the world, being full twenty feet in diameter, and goes up to a point at least twenty-five feet high; it is of mahogany, wonderfully carved, and the most heavy laboured piece of work that can be conceived.

They never pull their hats off at their devotions. I saw the sacrament received in the same irreverent manner, all sitting; the men together, who help themselves, and the women by themselves, afterwards. The burial is without ceremony.

The manners of the people of this country are, in general, so brutal and so imposing towards strangers, that I found no regret at my departure; and, having seen most of the curiosities in and about Amsterdam, I quitted it, and embarked in a treckt-schuyt upon the Amstel (which is really a broad and fine river) for Utrecht. The way was extremely pleasant, the shores being thick set with good houses and excellent gardens. I observed each villa had its name over the gate, or on the summer-house, which was a convenient direction to the watermen who had things to leave there. About seven hours brought us to the city of Utrecht, and I took up my quarters at a good auberge, called "Au Vieux Ville d'Anvers."

This place is high, and very romantically built. The fine old Gothic cathedral, which was erected

in the thirteenth century, was most of it blown down in a violent storm that happened in 1674; part of it, however, still remains, in which they perform divine service. There is an ancient tomb of marble of a bishop of Utrecht, on which he is represented in his robes, lying at length; but the face is beat flat, and the heads of the carved images round it knocked off and defaced. This happened about the year 1500, when reformation first commenced in the Romish Church; and many ignorant wretches thought it meritorious to destroy even the most valuable pieces of antiquity, if they appeared at all like an image.

The tower of the cathedral still remains, and, seemingly, in a sufficient degree of stability to last some centuries longer. It is extremely high, and the prospect from thence most noble. I counted four hundred and sixty-six steps in my ascent, which, allowing the distance between each to be ten inches, will make the height full three hundred and eighty-eight feet, or nearly one hundred and thirty yards. From this great elevation the view is magnificent,—they pretend that forty-eight or

forty-nine cities and villages may be seen thence, but I did not count them. I saw plainly Amsterdam, Amersfoot, Woerden, Rotterdam, and Delft, which last I was assured was twelve leagues distant. I distinguished besides great numbers of steeples, towers, and small towns, and very plainly traced the meanders of the Rhine, as the sun, by shining upon it, gave me an opportunity of observing part of its course.

The only monument, besides that of the bishop I mentioned, is one of marble, of a Baron De Gendt, who was killed in fighting against the English in the year 1672. He lies in a recumbent posture, with his baton of command in his hand, and surrounded with trophies of war. The place where he was wounded is not mentioned, but it was probably under his left eye, as the marble figure has such a resemblance.

There is both a picture and a statue to commemorate the charity of St. — somebody, who used to give much to the poor, and frequently to a ragged beggar with a crutch and a wooden leg. One day the mendicant encountered the saint, who was on horseback, when unfortunately he had either left his purse at home,

or the Father of Mischief had stolen it from him. The beggar, as usual, sued for an alms, and the saint was much grieved to find that he had no mammon of unrighteousness to relieve him with. A thought, however, struck him, how he might effectually triumph over the evil fiend for the trick played him. Accordingly, he drew his sword, (saints wore swords formerly,) and cut a large piece off the flap of his coat, which he gave to the poor beggar. This charitable action was thought well deserving of being handed down to posterity, and accordingly the ragged petitioner is seen holding in his hand a piece of the saint's coat, from the colour of which (scarlet) we may conclude he was of the church militant.

I was shown, after this, the famous Mall, said to be the longest and finest in Europe. It is a straight, handsome walk, adorned with fine trees, and is marked to measure two hundred and twenty perches; which, if their perch was the same as ours, would make it longer than the Mall in St. James's Park. But I thought myself deceived from the appearance if that was the case; and, on measuring their perch,

found instead of five yards and a half, that it was only three and three-quarter yards, by which I had an opportunity of correcting the generally received mistake, and of giving preference, for length, as well as beauty, to the Mall, in London.

I visited, afterwards, some very pretty gardens, belonging to the late M. Van Molle; they are well known to the English who travel into these parts, as all strangers are carried to see them. There is some taste in the manner in which they are laid out, and for a few tolerable statues, particularly a very good Flora, which, though a modern production, is superior to many antiques. Here is a little theatre, an orangery, a grotto, and many jets-d'eau; but they seemed to want what most of the jets-d'eau I have seen abroad do—I mean, water, for the streams were so very small and delicate, that I had some apprehensions that the naiad who originally supplied them considered herself at liberty to flow some other way, since the genius who had impelled her there had taken his flight to a place* where naiads are not wanted.

* M. Van Molle was a very rich merchant; he died six years ago, and was about forty years old.

Several urns of the finest marble are to be met with in various parts of the gardens, which I admired, not only for their elegant execution and reliefs, but for their admirable preservation, in places so much exposed to the weather; but the gardener accounted for it by telling me that the urns and the best of the statues were always cased up in the winter. I thought this precaution very judicious, and it is a pity it is not adopted by all who possess fine sculpture thus exposed to the weather. I observed the fruit walls were built in curves, like little towers, which, the gardener assured me, not only prevented blights, but ripened the fruit much better. I may add, that it certainly appeared more pleasing to the eye, than our usual mode of straight walls.

A doctor, I believe of the civil law, whose name is Brown, is His Majesty's agent in this city; he is a man of refined sense and great politeness. He gave me his company on a small excursion we made to Zeist, a village seven miles from Utrecht, where is a society of Herenhooters, or Moravians. On going out of the gates, the chaise was stopped, for three-

quarters of a florin (about fifteen pence), being a tax to the magistrates for permission to go out of the gates in it. The country though flat was pleasant, and the soil seemed good; the chief things sown thereabouts were hemp and flax, but I saw no corn. At the entrance of the avenue, which turns out of the high road, were handsome iron rails, and in the middle a pair of large folding iron gates, all painted green. This avenue is about a quarter of a mile long, and leads into a very noble square of large handsome houses, on one side of which is their church; and in the middle of another, is the house of their chief or governor, who is likewise lord of the manor, and answerable to the states-general for their continuing peaceable subjects, and paying due obedience to the laws of the country. Besides those laws, they have private ones respecting the community, which they observe with the utmost strictness. These large and handsome houses are let out into apartments for different people, and each room on the ground and first and second floors was a separate shop, filled with various kinds of goods to sell, and of the most

costly and curious kinds. Amongst those we visited were a gold and silversmith, a saddler, a hosier, an ironmonger, a toyshop, a cabinet maker, a bookseller, a milliner, and a shoemaker, in most of whose shops were a great quantity of English goods, and nearly as cheap as they could be bought in London. They have a very commendable custom, of always asking the lowest price they can take, which is marked on a ticket likewise, that is affixed to the commodity. They had, originally, all things in common, but that regulation could not be maintained, and they have now each a separate property, paying, however, a certain sum out of their profits for the benefit of the society.

The girls are kept separate, and instructed in religion and good housewifery, as well as in reading and writing. Every young man, when fit for marrying, is privately exhorted, by some of the elders, to take unto him a wife, and his choice is directed by them, generally, to the eldest of the girls, who is very seldom refused. Two of the elders and two of the matrons see all the ceremony performed.

I expressed some surprise how these people,

who were so distant as six miles from a town, should be able to sell their commodities. To which the doctor answered, that it was surprising how much they sold, and how far people came to buy of them, particularly in the summer-time, when it was very usual to make parties of pleasure from Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and all the towns round about, on purpose to visit them, and purchase their goods; that the very pleasant place they lived in was one reason, and the cheapness of what they sold, another; and that the society was increasing, and in a very flourishing way.

This city was the head quarters of Louis XIV. and his court, for a whole twelvemonth, when he made war on the Dutch, and it was rendered famous afterwards by the treaty of peace concluded there, between the allies and France. In consideration of its making no defence, Louis XIV. was pleased to order the mall and public buildings to be spared, though he forced the inhabitants to pay him two hundred thousand pounds sterling.

In quitting Utrecht, I took passage in another

treckt-schuyt, having as usual hired the rouf, for Bodegrave. The canal was not nearly so pleasant as between Amsterdam and Utrecht, being covered on the surface with duck-weed, and the banks not skirted with houses and agreeable gardens, like the other. We passed through the small town of Woerden, the fortifications of which, though not extensive, yet seemed extremely strong, having a double ditch, and several advanced works, all kept in the greatest order, and the slopes of the parapets and glacis close mowed, and extremely neat.

The canal leads through the middle of the town, which I imagine has a considerable trade for house and paving tiles, as I took notice of forty or fifty warehouses in the suburbs filled with them, as well as a considerable quantity on the wharves.

We got to the town of Bodegrave in the evening, being five hours from Utrecht; but, finding it afforded nothing worthy of a traveller's attention, I left it immediately, and embarked in a smaller treckt-schuyt, drawn by two men, instead of a horse, for Gouda, where we arrived in two hours and half, from Bodegrave; but the canal was in most parts so very

narrow, that it might with great propriety have been called a ditch.

The auberge I made choice of was a magnificent house, built for a palace, called the Doul, the passage and stairs of which were of the finest white marble; yet, though the building was so excellent, my entertainment was by no means such, as I found almost as much difficulty in procuring a supper, as I should have done at a posada in Spain.

Gouda, or Turgou—for it is called by either name, is a large town, the principal curiosity in which is the very fine painted glass in the great church, which is a fine old Gothic building, erected upwards of three centuries ago. All the windows are beautifully painted, and are esteemed the finest in Europe: they were the benefactions of different princes, states, and noblemen. In one of the largest windows my eye was struck with the arms of England and Spain united. On inquiry I found it was the donation of our Queen Mary, and her husband, Philip II., to whom at that time these countries belonged; but on what account they made the church this present does not appear. The upper part represents the manner of conse-

crating Solomon's temple at Jerusalem, and the sacrifices offered on that occasion; the heavens seem opened, and the glory descending on the altar.

Underneath it is Christ's Last Supper with his Apostles, in which King Philip and Queen Mary are introduced kneeling on cushions by the side of the table, with their sceptres, sword and helmet, and the arms of England and Spain next them.

There are several inscriptions, the most remarkable of which is the following, in Latin, thus translated into English:—

"The most illustrious Philip, son of the most invincible Emperor Charles V., by the grace of God King of Spain, England, France, and both the Sicilies; Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, Brabant, Gueldres, &c.; Earl of Flanders, Hainault, Holland, Zealand, &c.; father of his country, the most gentle and religious Prince, hath given this glass to embellish this church. May his throne, like a sun filling the whole world, stand for ever. In the year of our Lord Jesus Christ, 1557."

This Philip II. was that gentle and religious prince who fitted out the Spanish armada against Queen Elizabeth,* and caused the shackles,

* It was, likewise, in this prince's reign, it will be recollected, that the United Provinces threw off the Spanish yoke.

chains, and various instruments of torture, to be made, and embarked on it, for convincing those who professed the Protestant religion, by those gentle means, that they were not in the true road to salvation.

Gouda is about ten miles from Rotterdam, but there is no canal of communication, and consequently I could not travel from hence in my favourite manner—by the treckt-schuyt. I therefore hired a post waggon, which was one of the most uneasy vehicles that ever went upon wheels; and lucky it was for Job that, amongst the trials of his patience, his wife had never forced him to travel in a Dutch post waggon, for in that case his meekness would most certainly have forsaken him.

The boor who drove me went on much about the usual treckt-schuyt pace of three miles an hour, upon a raised causeway, through a flat and very indifferent looking country, till at last the steeples of Rotterdam came in sight, and soon after I entered that city, tired, infinitely more than I have been in England after going a hundred miles. I found an un-

usual concourse of people in the streets, and, upon inquiry, learned that it was their *kermas*, or fair, which is the most considerable they have in the whole year, and lasts a full week, during which time the magistrates grant permission to exhibit stage plays and operas.

Understanding there was a burletta acted in the Flemish language, and written upon the subject of our *Pamela*, I had an inclination to see it. Accordingly, I went to the play-house, which was only a temporary one, like our booths in Bartholomew fair, and the inside divided into boxes, pit, and galleries. I observed several well dressed people go into the pit, and I followed them, taking the vacant seat I thought most convenient. The first act, however, was not over before I received an instance of Dutch politeness from a great fat ruffian who came in and jabbered in his musical language, of which I understood not a syllable; but, from the gestures and motions of the Yahoo, I supposed he laid claim to my seat, though there was neither ticket nor servant to secure it. It was a point not worth contending about,

and I left him the enjoyment of having treated a stranger with a rudeness which a French or Spanish gentleman would have been incapable of doing. I did not choose to stay after this incivility, but, leaving the play-house soon after the second act begun, I returned to my quarters at the "Marshal Turenne."

I had seen Rotterdam very fully before I set out on my tour of Holland, and had intended to make a very short stay in it before I returned there; but the inconvenience and throng of people who came to the *kermas* made me determine to make my intended *séjour* still shorter, by leaving the place immediately. Accordingly I hired a sloop, which had a very good cabin, to carry me down the river to New Sluys, which is seven or eight miles, from whence I was forced once more to allow myself to be jolted to pieces in another confounded post waggon, which brought me to Helvoetsluys the very morning the packet was to sail for England.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR ON MADAME DU BARRI.

Marie-Jeanne de Vaubernier, who called herself at one time Mademoiselle Lançon, and afterwards Madame Lange, and finally Comtesse Du Barri, "courtisane du ci-devant tyran Louis XV.," as Fouquier-Tinville has it, was a descendant of Jeanne d'Arc. In better times her family showed great pride in their arms,—a silver sword, sustaining a golden crown, on an azure ground, surrounded by fleurs-de-lis.

Left fatherless at eight years old, her maternal uncle, le frère Lange, of the order of Les Minimes, took pity on the friendless child and the widow mother, and lodged them both, at his own expense, near the Convent des Picpus, so beautifully described by Victor Hugo in "*Les Misérables*;" but the poverty of le frère Lange soon obliged him to look out for some occupation for his sister, Madame Vaubernier, which would enable her at least to support herself, and he found her a situation of dame de compagnie to a rich widow. Marie-Jeanne Vaubernier, his little niece, was placed in the convent of Ste. Aure, where she remained for some years. From her earliest childhood her marvellous beauty had attracted attention. Her golden hair, long sleepy eyes, dark eye-lashes, dazzling complexion and rounded form, were the true type of the Greuze; but her mental gifts were small. The convent of Ste. Aure was intended for the bourgeoisie, and for girls destined to earn their livelihood; so Marie-Jeanne Vaubernier, being now fifteen, and having no home to go to (her mother had married again), was placed in a magasin de modes in the Rue St. Honoré; but a feeling of pride made her uncle drop the name of

Vaubernier, and in the indentures she was described as Marie-Jeanne Lançon. For three years she worked in this magasin de modes; but extreme youth, extraordinary beauty, small intellectual capacity, and nothing but the scanty religious teaching she had received in her convent, were poor protections against the corrupting atmosphere of a magasin de modes in those days. Le frère Lange seems to have felt the necessity of removing her; and, having become the spiritual director to the rich widow of a fermier-général, he managed to get Marie-Jeanne removed from the magasin de modes, and placed as demoiselle de compagnie to Madame de la Garde. Marie-Jeanne was then eighteen: her striking beauty attracted the attention of Madame de la Garde's two sons, and both brothers made love to her after the fashion of those times. For this cause she was removed by her uncle, and placed once more as demoiselle de compagnie to Mesdames de la Verrière, who were very wealthy, and received all the celebrities and *roués* of the day—the Prince de Soubise, Richelieu, the Duc de Nivernais, Buffon d'Alembert, &c., &c. Madlle. Lange, as she called herself, full of eager hope and expectation of pleasure and happiness, was plunged into an atmosphere of wealth, refinement, and vice. Amongst the *habitués* of this house was the Comte Jean de Cérès Du Barri, of an ancient Languedoc family, a married man, a clever man, and a bad man. He was struck by the beauty of this pennyless girl, then one-and-twenty. He introduced his younger brother, Guillaume, to Mesdames Verrière, and Guillaume married Marie-Jeanne Vaubernier on the 1st of October, 1768.

Louis XV. was at this time a widower, past sixty. It was actually proposed that he should marry the charming young widow, the Princesse de Lamballe, then one-and-twenty, who seems to have been nothing loth. But another fate was reserved for her: she became the faithful friend

of Marie Antoinette, and was cruelly massacred on the 2nd September, 1792.

Madame de Pompadour was dead. Who was to be maîtresse en titre? So little idea of disgrace seems to have been attached to that position, that the Duc de Choiseul sought it for his sister, the Duchesse de Gramont; neither Madame d'Egmont nor la Maréchale de Mirepoix would have refused it. But through the intrigues of the Comte Cérès Du Barri, his sister-in-law was to win the day. This Comte Cérès was a ruined man, unscrupulous and unprincipled, thoroughly understanding the world he moved in;—he thought his position might be retrieved through his fair and frail sister-in-law; to throw her in the King's way became his object. That was easily accomplished; her beauty, her merry laugh, and her very want of refinement, did the rest. Her husband was removed out of the way, and retired to Languedoc. Madame Du Barri was established at Versailles; but the great question was, her public presentation at court. Her fall was no difficulty, but were her titles of nobility such as to entitle her to that honour? It required five degrees of nobility on each side. These were easily made out, and the most noble Comtesse de Béarn performed the ceremony of introduction, and the Comtesse Du Barri knelt at the King's feet, according to the custom of the day.

She is described as beaming with delight at her triumph. Her dress, so carefully studied in those days, was pale blue and silver damask, ornamented with knots of rose-colour fastened with emeralds; her fair hair, powdered with gold dust, was starred over with diamonds. Jewels and dress were all she ever cared about; money, titles, honours, political influence, all were indifferent to her, but diamonds and emeralds were her delight. Not long ago, at Luciennes, where Louis XV. fitted up a sort of bijou pavilion for her, there were found, when digging up the ground, some

emerald ornaments of rare value, probably hid there during the reign of terror.

Her public presentation took place in August 1770; she was then twenty-four years of age. Twenty-three years after she was conducted to the Conciergerie, shut up in the same room Marie Antoinette had occupied. Madame Du Barri appeared before the revolutionary tribunal dressed in black; her grey hair, tied up with faded pink ribbon, fell unpowdered on her withered neck. The tribunal deliberated during a few minutes, and then ordered that, in twenty-four hours, she should be guillotined in the Place de la Révolution.

I have often heard Monsieur Le Docteur C ——, who knew her well, describe that cold November morning, when, huddled up in the hideous *charrette*, as it slowly moved along the Rue St. Honoré, she caught sight of him, and threw her arms towards him with frantic gestures and fearful screams. She was lifted by force on to the scaffold, and her last words to Sansom were, "One moment more."

Queen Elizabeth exclaimed in her last extremity, "All my possessions for *one moment* of time!"

THE END.

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